

# New York Sunday Journal

## A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 332.



The lion pursued him for some hundred yards, when Bullard, who had been colling his lasso meanwhile, came down like a shot across his track, whirling the noose round his head.

## THE SWORD HUNTERS; OR, The Land of the Elephant Riders. A SEQUEL TO "LANCE AND LASSO."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,  
Author of "Red Rajah," "Irish Captain," "Lance and Lasso," etc.

### CHAPTER I. THREE OLD FRIENDS.

A DARK, dirty sky, with a raw, chilly wind blowing, and a short, chopping sea underfoot, through which the steaming steamer plunged and rolled, dashing the white spray in clouds as high as her mast-head. Such was the scene that met the eyes of a youth, with black eyes and hair, who stood on the quarter-deck of the steamer Imperatrice, of the Messageries Impériales, bound from Marseilles to Algiers.

The young man had the general appearance of a Spaniard, and did not belie his looks for he came of Spanish descent, but had been born and educated in America. He was wrapped up in a heavy cloak of thick, rough cloth, with a pointed hood which was drawn over the black astrachan cap which he wore.

He was alone on the quarter-deck of the steamer, and paced quickly up and down, humming an air from a French oper, and watching the dim, misty outline of the distant coast of Africa, far ahead.

The captain of the steamer stood on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, wrapped up to the eyes, while a few French sailors stood here and there about the deck, shivering, with their hands in their pockets.

Presently a head appeared at the companion-hatch, as another youth, hardly more than a boy, came on deck, his slouched hat pulled down, and his collar turned up to his ears.

The new-comer was a well-grown, stout boy of sixteen, with a square bluff face, that looked the picture of reckless daring, while his broad, sturdy frame seemed to bid defiance to hardship.

"Hello, Wiseman," he called out in English, with a strong accent that told of the Western lad, "what air you mooping about, up here? Pickle is as sick as a dog down stairs, and wants to be put ashore. He'll never make a sailor, I reckon."

"He won't need to be sick, long, Plug," said the young man, smiling. "There's Algiers ahead now. We'll be at anchor before night."

The lad with the queer name looked ahead through the driving spray a minute before he said:

"Glad of it. I like a ship well enough, but we've had so much of this old steamer that I'd just as soon get ashore again. And then there's old Pickles; I hate to see him looking so miserable. I wonder if it'll be as cold at Algiers, Wiseman?"

"The captain says no," replied Wiseman. "This cold wind is what he calls the *sirocco*, and it blows three days only. When it's over, they get warm weather. See, yonder, where the clouds are breaking. We shall have fine weather before we get into Algiers, or I mistake much."

"Plug," as his companion often called him, looked knowingly at the clouds. There was a little spot of blue sky in the south, which was spreading rapidly over the heavens, and even while Wiseman was speaking, the wind began to abate and vary in direction.

A few minutes after it had ceased entirely, while the short chopping sea began to abate.

"Here comes the *sirocco*," remarked Wiseman, a little later, as a puff of warm air struck their faces, coming from the south. "Now we'll have warm weather, inside of half an hour."

And it turned out that he was right.

Long before they had sighted the white walls and houses of Algiers, the sky was bright and clear, the clouds driven away to the north, and a warm wind, that felt as if it came from the mouth of an oven, was blowing in their faces, while the motion of the vessel had diminished to a gentle swell.

On went the steamer Imperatrice at a rapid pace, her paddles beating the water into clouds of spray, and as the sky cleared and the sea abated, the passengers who had been so sea-sick began to come up on deck.

Among them was a tall, handsome, fair-haired boy of seventeen, who was at once addressed by our two friends as "Pickle," and who looked quite pale, as if he had recently suffered from sea-sickness as badly as any, which he had indeed.

Doubtless those of our readers who have followed the fortunes of the heroes of "Lance and Lasso" must have recognized by this time the personages with the queer names whom we have introduced.

They were none other than our old friends Tom Bullard, Jack Curtis, and Manuel Garcia, with their old schoolboy nicknames of "Plug," "Pickle," and "Wiseman," on board the French steamer bound for Algiers, only a little older and a very little wiser than when they chased and were chased by the children of the Chaco.

"And how came they there?" our readers may ask.

Well, the story is soon told. You may read part of it in Manuel's dress now, for he has thrown off the heavy capote as the weather grows warmer, and one can see that he is in deep mourning.

It is true, Manuel is in mourning, and for the best friend he ever had or ever will have, none other than his father.

Don Luis Garcia has passed away, seized by a sudden fever, and he left to Manuel all the large fortune which he possessed.

"But why," you may ask, "is he in the French Algerian steamer, and what is he doing there?"

There, again, his father's influence has led him, active even in death.

Don Luis, in dying, left behind him a very singular will. After leaving his fortune to his son, and directing that Jack Curtis' father should act as executor and guardian for Manuel, he proceeded:

"And whereas I have all my life cherished an ardent desire to travel, and go where no civilized man has ever been before, which desire has been always thwarted by my inability to escape from business, I now wish my son Manuel to execute my desire in his own person, and to do that after my death which I once hoped to do with him. I wish him, during the years that elapse before he

becomes of age, to follow out my design, and to travel, not on the continent of Europe, in the beaten tracks, where thousands have preceded him, but, in the regions where civilized men yet penetrate.

I wish my executor to furnish him with whatever funds he may require to prosecute his travels, and that he should explore some place where no white man had ever before been.

"I especially recommend that he should travel in Africa, the only continent now remaining of which we are not informed pretty fully, leaving him to select his own route, but trusting to him to pierce the veil of mystery that hangs over its central regions, and tell the world of the hidden countries."

And thus it was that our three friends were bound to the best way to proceed, according to the writer's notions, and concluded by recommending Manuel to take with him his two friends, Jack Curtis and Thomas Bullard, in whose courage and good sense I have full confidence, having seen them both tried to the utmost under my own eyes.

The will went on to give minute directions as to the best way to proceed, according to the writer's notions, and concluded by recommending Manuel to take with him his two friends, Jack Curtis and Thomas Bullard, in whose courage and good sense I have full confidence, having seen them both tried to the utmost under my own eyes.

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These minarets were grouped in fours, around great round domes covered with gilding, and shining in the bright sunlight.

"What are those for, Wiseman?" asked Tom Bullard, who, like most American boys, knew little of the East.

"They are the minarets of the *mosques*, or Arab churches," said Manuel. "The Mohammedans have no bells, but they call people to prayers from the balconies of the minarets. They have a certain order of priests, called *muftis*, who go up on the minarets five times a day, and call out so that they can be heard all over the city. We shall soon hear them."

Half an hour later the steamer was moored at the quay, and our friends were ashore, surrounded by a motley crowd of Arabs, Maltese, French, and all the other nationalities that are mixed up in a grand hodgepodge in Algiers.

A neat French *commissionnaire*, or hotel runner, soon took charge of them and their baggage, and in a short time they were comfortably installed in the Hotel de Paris, surrounded by French comfort and luxury, while below their windows lay the picturesque Arab town, so strangely unlike everything they had ever seen.

The white-aproned French waiter had disappeared with a civil intimation that dinner would be ready in ten minutes, and our friends were thinking about dressing for it, when they heard coming through the open window the deep, mellow tones of a man's voice, loud and sonorous, chanting a peculiar song, which seemed to come from high up in the air. It was taken up, first and near, in all directions, till the melodious chorus floated away over the housetops, while the buzz of the street below was instantly hushed.

"It is the call to prayer," whispered Manuel, reverently.

They then looked from the window, and perceived that the hotel was directly under the shadow of a great mosque, and there, on the balcony of a slender minaret, stood a grave, long-bearded Moor, chanting the solemn summons to prayer.

They could catch some of the words of the long chant.

"*Allah hu akbar! Allah hu akbar! Allah hu akbar! M-hammed-ra-oul Allah!*" and more that they could not make out.

"God is great! God is great! God is great! Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer, oh true believers! Prayer is better than sleep."

Such was the translation which they obtained from the hotel commissionnaire, who understood the language of the place.

The boys could see from the windows, the poor simple Arabs and Moors, whom they had hitherto looked upon as dirty beggars, on their knees, wherever they happened to be when the call was sounded, saying their prayers without any false shame.

The Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders and passed on, but our boys could not help being struck with the piety of these poor Mohammedans, and liking them all the better for it.

The fact is that there are many of us who might take a lesson from the Arab, without suffering any harm from it.

"And now, fellows," said Jack Curtis, that evening, after they had strolled over the town to see all that was to be seen, "what is the first thing for us to do?"

"What do you say, Tom?" asked Manuel, smiling.

"I say, go for the lions," said Tom, shortly.

"But where shall we find them?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"Ask the French officers," answered Plug, sententiously. "They ought to know."

"But while we're hunting lions," suggested Manuel, "we're not travelling."

"What's the difference?" demanded Tom. "We've got to learn Arabic, and the lions are all among the Arabs. We'll be killing two birds with one stone, and learning how to behave in Africa."

"Your idea's not bad," decided Manuel, thoughtfully; "but how are we to find out where to go?"

"Send for the landlord," ordered Tom, and he pulled the bell.

The host came when summoned, and was at once surprised and interested in the subject.

"But, messieurs," he pleaded, deprecatingly, "you do not know what our Algerine lions are. They are terrible, and all the Arabs fear them. I do not wish to offend you, messieurs, but you're all very—very."

And the polite landlord shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"You mean young and rash," added Manuel, smiling. "We admit it, monsieur, but we have made up our minds to kill a few lions before we leave Algiers. Is there any one here can tell us where to find them, thank you?"

"But, certainly," persisted the landlord. "There is the captain, Bouchard, who lost an arm by a lion's jaws last year, when the beast killed five soldiers, and charged a whole regiment before he was killed. And there is Colonel Legal, of the Spahis (irregular native cavalry) they were enabled to purchase good horses at a reasonable price, and had reason to rejoice at their good fortune in having letters to the captain, during the progress of many a subsequent hunt. These horses were of the Barb breed, not very large. Fourteen and a half to fifteen hands was the tallest. But they were put together like giants. Close-ribbed and round-barreled, with large muscular quarters and delicate little heads, their large, soft, dark eyes were the index of the spirit and endurance of those noble animals."

Manuel Garcia's horse was a dapple gray; Bullard rode a bay stallion, mottled with black; and Jack Curtis steered was as fine a chestnut as ever was foaled.

They had engaged an Arab muleteer to accompany them, and their baggage was loaded on his mules. For themselves, they caracoled gayly ahead on the road to Constantine, their Mexican spurs, with their huge rowels and jingling bells, attracting the attention of all the ragged Moors and Arabs in the neighborhood.

They took the road to Constantine and traveled leisurely thither, passing the romantic dolines of the Atlas, and enjoying the magnificent scenery. They camped every night, pitching their comfortable little tent, and enjoying this gipsying life hugely. At last they arrived at Constantine, a terrifically situated mountain fortress, surrounded by beetling precipices, thousands of feet deep, and from thence pursued their way to Guelma, the former home of Gerard, the lion-killer.

The fame of our friends preceded them all along the track, and when they arrived at Guelma, no less than three deputations of Arabs were waiting for them. Since the departure of the great Gerard, it appeared that the lions had been greatly on the increase, and the flocks and herds of the Arabs had been much harassed. The lion-killer had gone to Europe, and thence on an expedition up the Nile for the British government, and no one had been found to take his place for three years. The Arabs, hearing of the strangers from beyond the sea, had come to find what manner of men they were.

I think they must have been disappointed if they expected anything imposing. Manuel was the only one of the party who boasted of more than seventeen years, and they all looked very youthful.







minutes to live in this world, Sir Norman; and if you have no better way of spending them, I will tell you a strange story—my own, and all about this place.

"Madam, there is nothing in the world I would like so much to hear."

"You shall hear it, then, and it may beguile the last slow moments of time before you go out into eternity."

She set her lamp down on the floor among the rats and beetles, and stood watching the small red flame a moment with a gloomy, downcast eye; and Sir Norman, gazing on the beautiful darkening face, so like and yet so unlike Leoline, stood eagerly awaiting what was to come.

Meantime, the half hour sped. In the crimson court the last trial was over, and Lady Castlemaine, a slender little beauty of eighteen, stood condemned to die.

"Now for our other prisoner!" exclaimed the dwarf, with sprightly animation; "and while I go to the cell, you, fair ladies, and you, my lord, will seek the black chamber and await our coming there."

Ordering one of his attendants to precede him with a light, the dwarf jauntily away to gloat over his victim. He reached the dungeon-door, which the guards, with some trepidation in their countenance, as they thought of what his highness would say when he found her majesty locked in with the prisoner, threw open.

"Come forth, Sir Norman Kingsley!" shouted the dwarf, rushing in. "Come forth and meet your doom!"

But no Sir Norman Kingsley obeyed the pleasant invitation, and a dull echo from the interior alone answered him. There was a lamp burning on the floor, and near it lay a form, shining and specked with white in the gloom. He made for it between fear and fury, bush the faint something red and slippery on the ground, in which his foot slipped, and he fell. Simultaneously there was a wild cry from the two guards and the attendant, that was echoed by a perfect scream of rage from the dwarf, as on looking down he beheld Queen Miranda lying on the floor in the pool of blood, and apparently quite dead, and Sir Norman Kingsley gone.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

## ASHES OF ROSES.

"Why do I wear this dress to-night,  
Of ghostly, dismal gray?  
Ah, girl, that question asks a door  
Fast locked for many a day!  
It would, indeed, seem out of place,  
Where waves of fashion flow,  
But ah, its dusky tint the tide  
Of a roseate loveliness."

"Come to the window. Oh, glorious night!  
'Twas such an eve a lamp burning on the floor,  
My heart merged with its childish love  
Into a woman's bliss:  
My gauzy robes, of that same hue,  
Lay shimmering in the gleam  
Of early twilight's rose and dun,  
That trailed, far down the stream,

Softly away. He drew the oars  
Up from the dimpled bed:  
It seemed as if the drowsy pause  
To catch the words he said.  
We floated o'er the glad blue waves—  
The glad blue up above—  
This hour belonged to mirth alone—  
The next, perchance, to love.

"What presence guides my magic bark?  
Spirit or earth-sprite, say!  
Didst win this garb from sunset's pink  
That flush the cloudland sky?  
Or rose you from some moonlit lake,  
Drawing its peerless shade  
Around you, as you stepped on board,  
Half sea-symph, half a maid?"

"N-ither. Now guess again," I cried,  
Searching his clear gray eyes—  
'Perhaps in blending orbs and blush  
This color witchery lies.'  
'Ah, Fey, you've found the mystic brush  
That paints this wondrous sheen;  
'This love-light,' halting e'en the robes  
That deck our chosen queen!

"Love-light? We'll name this dainty hue  
Born of a glance and a blush—  
'Love-light' he murmured softly, through  
The dreamy, loitering hush:  
Ah, sweet, suggestive trisyllable,  
Kiss sealed on lip and brow!  
Yes, love-light in life's trysting-time;  
Ashes of roses now.

"So, dear, this is a memory-night;  
I choose this odd hued dress:  
Its folds hide the faded rose-ash  
Which thanked his dear caress;  
Its soft, vague shadow kindly throws  
A draping pall of gray.  
O'er one sealed, buried treasure-trove,  
Where only ashes lay.

"Ashes of one bright rose that bloomed  
In a far-off summertime,  
That lights to-night the ruby flame  
Of life's bewildering wine:  
Clusters of immortal-s, for me;  
Roses, for you, still shine!  
Yours, girl, be the robes of glow;  
Ashes of roses, mine.

Without a Heart:  
OR,  
WALKING ON THE BRINK.  
A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,  
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-  
ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPT,"  
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## DRAWING THE WEB.

THE day after the false marriage at Wild-  
idle a horseman rode up to the door of that  
manor, and handed his bride-rein to a negro  
in waiting.

It was the same personage who had met the  
gipsy queen in the forest, and afterward the  
negro in the swamp.

Ascending the steps he asked to see Clarence  
Ersine.

"Massa Clarence am gone Norf, sah, but de  
colonel am in," replied the butler.

"Ask him if I can see him, please—say Mr.  
Markham."

The stranger was asked into the library, by the  
polite butler, and a few moments after  
Colonel Ersine entered the room.

"You would see my son, sir, I believe; pray  
be seated."

"Yes, sir, I called upon Mr. Ersine, and re-  
gret his absence. Will he soon return?"

"He has gone off on a bridal tour." Did Clarence  
Ersine marry Eve Ansle? "

"He did, sir; but why this startled manner,  
can I ask?" and Colonel Ersine seemed great-  
ly surprised at the manner of the man, who  
turned as pale as death.

"Colonel Ersine, I owe to you a full ex-  
planation, sir, and I will tell you all, and you  
must prepare to hear some most unpleasant  
news."

"Believe me, I regret exceedingly that I  
was not here to prevent the marriage. Hold,  
please, and hear me; but I was called North  
on important business two weeks ago, and ex-  
pected to have returned long ere Mr. Ersine  
was insured into a false alliance."

"What! do you dare come here to insult  
me in my own home?"

"No, sir, I have come to tell you the truth,  
and let me here say, sir, that I am a detective,  
working up one of the most remarkable cases  
of misplaced confidence, fraud and crime ever  
known."

"I hope you speak advisedly, sir, and will  
at once tell me how my son and his wife are  
mixed up in this affair."

In a frank, earnest tone Mr. Markham be-  
gan a recital, which, as he proceeded, blanch-  
ed the face of Colonel Ersine as white as his hair,  
and caused him to tremble with emotion that  
he in vain strove to control.

After a long conversation the two gentlemen  
arose and proceeded to the pier went on board  
the little sloop-yacht lying there.

The crew had already been summoned by  
their master, three stalwart negro boatmen,  
and in a little while more the pretty craft was  
dashing swiftly through the waters.

The wind was fresh, and a run of three hours  
brought them to the Cliffside pier, the home of  
Clarence Ersine.

Having seen the yacht standing in toward  
his pier, and recognizing it as the Wildidle  
yacht, Clarence Ersine had gone down to  
meet his guests, and as they stepped ashore  
said, pleasantly:

"Colonel, I am glad to see you, sir; Mr. Mark-  
ham, I believe we met some two weeks since,  
when you called to see if I would sell my dear-  
ly-loved Cliffside."

Colonel Ersine seemed so glad to see the  
young planter that he extended both hands,  
which were at once grasped by Clarence Ersine.

Instantly Mr. Markham stepped forward,  
and in the twinkling of an eye a pair of spring  
handcuffs encircled the wrists of Clarence Er-  
sine, ironing them securely together.

As pallid as a human face can turn, sur-  
prised, entrapped, furious, Clarence Ersine  
staggered back, hissing forth:

"What mean you, sir, by this outrage?" and  
the manacled hands endeavored to draw a  
weapon from the breast-pocket.

"Simply, that you are my prisoner, Clarence  
Ersine, alias Claude Clinton, for I arrest  
you in the name of the law," said Mr. Mark-  
ham, calmly.

"And why, sir?" was all the enraged man  
could say.

"For crimes too numerous to enumerate  
now. Hold! move one inch, and I'll cheat  
the gullows of your life!" and the cold muzzle of  
a revolver pressed the temple of the entrapped  
man.

"Into that yacht, sir; and, mind you, no re-  
sistance."

Claude Clinton, as he was now known to be,  
glanced nervously around, as if longing to call  
his slaves to his rescue; but, fearing that it  
would seal his doom, and not knowing  
what were the charges or proofs against him,  
he sneered gloomily, and obeyed the stern or-  
der by taking a seat upon the cushioned seat of  
the yacht, while his lips moved, and Colonel  
Ersine, scarcely less pale than the prisoner,  
caught the words:

"She has betrayed me; I did not believe it  
of her."

A run up the coast of several hours, and  
Claude Clinton found himself an inmate of the  
same prison in which Howard Moulton was  
awaiting his doom of an ignominious death.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

In the luxuriously-furnished home, where  
had passed his youthful years in happiness,  
with his father, mother, and Florio, sat Clarence  
Ersine and his lovely bride.

Nearly a month had gone by since their mar-  
riage, and not a shadow had dimmed their joy.

Suddenly there came a ring at the door-bell,  
and a card was brought in, the visitor desiring  
to see Mr. and Mrs. Ersine.

"Mr. Markham, his card reads; I do not  
know him, and this stormy night I was in hope  
we would have no visitors; but ask him in, Ja-  
son," said Clarence.

The next moment Mr. Markham entered,  
and bowing to Clarence and his wife, said,  
calmly:

"Mr. Ersine, I have called upon you, sir,  
upon a matter most important; is there any  
fear of outside interruption?"

"None, sir. Here, Jason, see that we are  
not disturbed under any circumstances. Be  
seated, Mr. Markham."

The man remained standing, and while his  
keen eyes flashed from one face to the other,  
he said:

"It is a most painful duty I have to perform,  
sir, but I will not flinch from it, and I beg you  
to hear me patiently and be brave under the  
blow which—"

"My father!" cried Clarence, in alarm,  
while Eve turned deadly pale.

"Is well, sir; I saw him a few days since at  
Wildidle. He knows of what I would make  
known to you, and asked me to hand you this  
letter."

"He would have come on with me, but the  
shock was too great, and he returned to his  
home."

Clarence almost jerked the letter from the  
speaker's hand, broke the seal, and read:

"My Son:  
May God give you strength to hear all that I  
have heard. It is true, as you will find to your cost.  
Your sympathizing  
FATHER."

"Perhaps I had better retire," said Eve, ris-  
ing.

"No, you will remain here, madam; it is of  
your that I would speak," sternly said Mr.  
Markham, and with scared face the guilt-  
less woman sunk back into a chair, while  
Clarence said sternly, through his set teeth:

"I am ready to hear all you would say, sir."

"Mr. Ersine," commenced Mr. Markham,  
calmly, and in an exceedingly distinct voice,  
"two years ago I was a student at a well-  
known university in this State—your wife  
was—Markham Leslie."

"Mark Leslie—yes, I remember," slowly said  
Eve, and then the beauty of her face became  
marred by a cold, stony look; but in the same  
distinct voice Mark Leslie continued:

"One of my fellow-students—one who had  
been my best friend in our boyhood—when at  
college began to lead a wild and dissipated life,  
and, as he was engaged to my only sister, I re-  
monstrated with him, but all to no avail; for  
daily his escapades increased, until at last I felt  
convinced that he had lured to ruin a young  
and beautiful girl."

"Gradually the whole truth dawned upon  
me, until I was at last convinced, and then I  
sought out that fellow-student, Claude Clin-  
ton—"

"Ha! that was the name of your friend,  
Eve?" said Clarence Ersine, hoarsely.

"Yes."

It was all that she said; her lips could not  
articulate more.

"I sought out Claude Clinton and made  
known my suspicions, and—to conceal one  
crime, he committed another, and struck a  
blow at my life."

"Then he fled from the college, and no one  
knew what had become of him."

"I lingered for weeks between life and death,  
and at length arose from my bed to learn with  
horror that my darling sister had fled from her  
home and her friends, none knew whither."

"I felt that I knew, and from that day I de-  
voted myself to the one aim of my life—re-  
venge upon Claude Clinton."

"Obtaining the authority of a United States  
detective, I started forth upon my work—to  
track Claude Clinton to his death. Now I will

go on to tell, Mr. Ersine, the whole story of  
my discoveries: will you listen to me?"

"I will."

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

STILL standing, and leaning gracefully  
against the mantel, his arms folded upon his  
breast, Mark Leslie, who had devoted his life  
to becoming an untiring sleuth-hound of the  
law, resumed his story:

"To begin at the beginning, I had to trace  
Claude Clinton from the time of his university  
life, and having ample means at my command,  
I set parties to work on his track, until I learned  
that he had, five months before he struck at  
my life, rescued from drowning a young girl,  
the supposed niece of a woman who lived upon  
the opposite bank of the river from that on  
which the college stood."

"This woman I at once sought, and, gaining  
her confidence, I learned that the girl was not  
her niece, but her daughter, and that hers was  
a story of woman's love and trust, and man's  
inhumanity and perfidy."

"I need not tell you that was the woman  
who hid the secret of the girl's birth from her,  
and her near kindred to herself; but she hated  
the maiden because in her was an image of her  
father, the man who had so cruelly treated the  
mother."

"Such was the girl whose life Claude Clin-  
ton had saved, and my inquiries and search  
soon discovered that the maiden had secretly  
left her home, an unhappy one I admit, with  
Claude Clinton, and with him had entered into  
one of the boldest games at deception ever  
practiced."

"From her home the thoughtless maiden  
went with her lover to a lonely country church  
on Silver Creek, and was there wedded, by the  
old clergyman, to the man for whom she had  
given up all."

Clarence Ersine groaned aloud, and leaning  
forward buried his face in his hands, while Eve  
sat like a marble statue, so cold, so stony, so  
white she looked.

But the merciless detective went on with his  
story, his face growing more stern as he pro-  
ceeded:

"From the Silver Creek church the young  
couple went to town, and there the maiden was  
metamorphosed into a fine-looking youth, for  
her wealth of beautiful hair was sacrificed, and  
she stepped into a full suit of male attire, and,  
with an addition to her name, entered the uni-  
versity as a student."

"So wonderfully well conceived was the de-  
ception that neither the professors nor students  
suspected the fraud, though the graceful form,  
and small hands and feet of the handsome stu-  
dent were often remarked."

"Watching Claude Clinton as closely as I did,  
on account of his connection with my sister, I  
soon had my suspicions aroused, and suspicion  
ripened into certainty; so I sought him and told  
him what I had discovered—that the youth was  
a maiden in disguise."

"Then I did not know they were married;  
but I nearly lost my life by my accusation, and  
when I arose from my sick bed Claude Clinton  
and his companion had gone—the latter at my  
advice I believed, for, wishing to save her  
from shame, I told her I knew her as she was."

"Tracking Claude Clinton from the start, I  
found that he began to leave a bloody trail be-  
hind him, for his first act was to take the life  
of the clergyman who had married him—deter-  
mined to wipe out all proof of his marriage,  
for, intending to desert his young wife, he  
wished no record to exist against him."

"In securing the leaf from the church regis-  
ter, on which was recorded his marriage, I  
suppose the clergyman resisted, and lost his  
life."

"I believed, until a short while ago, that  
Claude Clinton destroyed that record—but he  
had not; he had lost it in his flight, and the  
one who found it was his wife, following along  
the same road a few hours after."

"That wife was, still believed to be a youth,  
arrested for the murder of the clergyman,  
tried, and cleared by your able argument, Mr.  
Ersine—"

"God have mercy!" groaned the crushed  
man.

Eve yet remained silent.

"Saved from the gallows, her career you  
know, so I will go on to relate what followed  
in the mad course pursued by Claude Clinton."

"As was feared, my poor sister Louise fled  
from her home with the man she so wildly  
loved, and, believing the story he told her, of  
his having to fly for killing a fellow-student in  
a duel, and little knowing that it was her own  
brother he had struck down, she went with  
him to the Far West, and there he settled  
down."

"Chance caused him to save an old miner, a  
man of considerable means, and a bachelor."

"To his home Claude Clinton took this old  
man, and, with no friends or relatives in the  
world, the miner made Clinton the heir to his  
fortune, mostly in gold."

"Some time after, that old man, whose  
name was Clarendon, was found dead in the  
forest, a bullet-wound in his head and his scalp  
gone."

"He had been slain by Indians, it was said  
and believed—but the red paint and feathers of  
an Indian concealed the evil face of Claude  
Clinton, and the bullet in Clarendon's skull just  
fitted the bore of his heir's rifle."

"Again provided with funds, Claude Clin-  
ton and his wife—for so Louise believed her-  
self, as a mock ceremony had been performed,  
I forgot to say—left for San Francisco."

"There the evil man led a fast life for awhile,  
and then tiring of poor Louise, as he had of his  
deserted wife, he fled from her, leaving her  
there to starve—or seek her own living at the  
loss of her soul."

"But, thank God! Louise wrote to me, and  
I at once went to her, for up to that time I was  
at a loss to find Claude Clinton's whereabouts."

"I took poor Louise back to her childhood's  
home, and most kindly our parents received  
her, for they saw that she was sinking into her  
grave, her heart broken by the severe blow  
dealt her."

"Anxious to do all they could for her, and  
prolong her life, our parents took her to Eu-  
rope; but, alas! in sunny Italy she found a  
grave, and Claude Clinton was her murderer."

"Once more upon the trail of the man I so  
longed to meet, I tracked him until, by a  
strange chain of circumstances, I learned that  
a person answering his description had pur-  
chased a small plantation on the southern coast."

"Thither I went, and found not only Claude  
Clinton but his deserted wife, living not twenty  
miles apart, and more did I discover—that  
each had become aware of the other's presence  
in the neighborhood, and with an utter disre-  
gard of honor the woman had determined to  
marry one who had proven her noblest bene-  
factor."

"I needed some one to aid me then in work-  
ing up the case against the two, so I wrote to  
her mother to come on at once."

"She obeyed, and became my ally, disguis-

ing herself as a gipsy queen, and in other ways,  
finding out all the internal workings of the  
home where her daughter resided, loved as  
dearly and cared for as lavishly by her bene-  
factors as though she had been in reality of kin-  
dred blood."

"The death of my father, just at the time I  
was drawing in my net to entrap Claude Clin-  
ton and his designing wife, called me North for  
a short while, and upon my return, I learned,  
with horror, Mr. Ersine, that Eve Ansle had,  
in defiance of God and man, wickedly become,  
as you believed, your wife."

"Then I sought out your father, and to him  
I told all, as I have told you, and our first act  
together was to go to Cliffside, and put Claude  
Clinton in irons, and in prison."

"Then I started North after you, and in a  
bundle of private papers, taken from the desk  
of Eve Clinton, I found the secret of her con-  
trol over her husband: it was the blood-stained  
record."

## CHAPTER XLI.

## AT LAST.

AFTER a long pause, in which Clarence Er-  
sine did not raise his bowed head from his  
hands, and Eve never changed her stony stare  
upon Mark Leslie, he continued:

"That Eve Clinton left her first home be-  
cause she was unhappy, I well believe; that she  
admired, but never loved, Claude Clinton, I  
also believe, and had he been a different man,  
who would have led upward and not downward,  
this fearful life history, in which the heart his-  
tory of a wicked man and woman is laid bare,  
would not have to be told."

"Taking advantage of circumstances turning  
up in her favor, and blindly following a lucky  
fortune, Eve Ansle went on until she smelt  
against the only man she ever loved—you, Mr.  
Ersine—and with the power in her hand to  
prove Claude Clinton guilty of murder, she  
laughed at him, while she boldly stood up be-  
fore God and man and entered upon a false  
marriage."

"Her love for you, Mr. Ersine, strong as I  
believe it is, was no excuse for her doing you  
this wrong."

"No, no, no," groaned the unhappy man.

"Now let me tell you more of Claude Clin-  
ton, for there is much to say of his evil, inhu-  
man, course."

"By a strange accident, I met, on my way  
to Cliffside, to satisfy myself fully regarding  
the identity of his master, an old negro, Buck,  
by name."

"He was wounded, suffering, and had hid-  
den for weeks in the swamp, afraid to come out  
for fear of his life."

"From him I heard a startling story, of how  
his master, Claude Clinton, had sailed from  
home one afternoon, intending to run down the  
coast to the city."

"He alone had accompanied his master, and  
that they had put into the pier at Wildidle,  
where Miss Eve Ersine, as she was called."

"Though standing off and on in his boat,  
Buck said that a stormy interview seemed to  
be taking place between Claude Clinton and his  
fair companion, which ended upon the approach  
of Colonel Ersine."

"That night his master stayed to tea at  
Wildidle, and sailing off late, the wind freshen-  
ed and they hove to, to take a reef in their  
sail."

"While thus engaged, a small boat passed,  
in which was Captain Lambert, of the Eagle,  
who spoke to his master."

"Shortly after a larger boat, following in  
the wake of the gig, went by, having in it but  
a single occupant; but it did not stand on into  
the shore toward Wildidle, but ran down the  
lee coast, as if merely for pleasure."

"Then his master put back again to the Wild-  
idle pier, and landing, told him to await him  
there, ready to start at a moment's notice."

"Claude Clinton was gone about fifteen min-  
utes, so the negro said, and returned hurried-  
ly, shouting:

"Get out of this, sir; quick! do you hear?"

"Buck obeyed quickly, for he knew what  
his master was in anger."

"As they stood out of the bay, Claude Clin-  
ton came aft to where Buck sat, and the negro  
said, as he caught sight of his right hand, still  
grasping a knife, stained from hilt to point:

"'Massa, am you killed anybody, 'ka'se your  
knife an' han' be all bloody?'"

"That discovery seals your doom, my man,"  
cried Claude Clinton, and he made a blow at  
the negro's head, which cut a terrible gash and  
stunned him."

"When he recovered consciousness he was  
in the water and nearly strangled; but, being  
a bold swimmer, he took his bearings, and man-  
aged to reach shallow water, a mile distant."

"From here he dragged himself to a lonely  
hut he knew of in the swamp, a retreat for  
deer-hunters, and in that place he spent weeks,  
for the next night he crawled to the plantation  
and lay in wait until he saw a fellow-negro, his  
best friend."

"This man supplied poor Buck with edibles,  
and though they plotted together they knew  
not how to go about having Claude Clinton  
arrested, and they stood in deadly fear of him."

"Thank God that Howard Moulton is acquit-  
ted of murder," said Clarence Ersine, with-  
out raising his head."

"And I thank God that another crime is  
fastened upon Claude Clinton," said Eve, in a  
voice hoarse with feeling."

"But this was not all that I learned from  
poor Buck. He it was who called his master  
one night to a point of the coast near Wildidle,  
and awaited for him one hour, when he return-  
ed hastily and put back home, arriving at Cliff-  
side just before daybreak."

"That night Claude Clinton was dressed as  
an army officer; and, hence, the man who  
killed Paul Laurence in a duel is found at last."

"Yes, at last," echoed Eve; but it was all  
that she said, and she still sat like a marble  
statue. Clarence Ersine still remained bowed  
in grief."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

IN our last issue we gave the statistics of  
the first tour of the Western nines, in which  
it was shown that though the opposing teams,  
section vs. section, came out even as regards  
the total games lost and won on the tour, that  
in the general play the majority of the West-  
ern nines bore off the palm. Below will be  
found another table compiled by the able base-  
ball editor of the Chicago Times, which pre-  
sents a very interesting analysis of the play of  
the eight teams during the tour so far. It en-  
ded June 17th. It appears that the theory  
of the writer is based upon the assumption  
that hits and errors give bases, and bases give  
runs; not that any particular base-hit or error  
will give a run, but a chance for a run.

The case of fouls missed does not operate  
against this, for the reason that in cases where  
a life is given there is also given a chance to  
make a base-hit or invite an error, while it  
equally operates against the club batting,  
since a chance is charged against them with-  
out any opportunity for scoring a run:

Clubs.	Games Played.	Runs.	Base Hits.	Errors.	Chances.	Average to runs.	Average per game.	Average per game.	Average per game.
June 17.									
Chicago Opponents.	24	281	159	298	201	488	8.10	6.65	11.17
St. Louis Opponents.	23	10	4	106	189	296	3.27	3.31	5.38
Harford Opponents.	22	18	4	146	228	344	2.90	6.79	10.33
St. Louis Opponents.	24	10	4	89	66	428	2.84	6.77	10.82
Harford Opponents.	22	18	4	228	144	181	11.3	3.00	6.03
St. Louis Opponents.	24	10	4	169	171	353	4.13	3.36	7.13
St. Louis Opponents.	24	10	4	149	18	344	6.25	4.0	
St. Louis Opponents.	24	10	4	149	18	344	6.25	4.0	
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St. Louis Opponents.	24	10	4	149	18	344	6.25	4.0	







## TIED.

BY EREN E. REXFORD

Let me lie down in the clover,  
Where the daisy-blossoms blow,  
And the yellow bee, like a lover,  
Sips sweets from their cheeks of snow.  
No prince in his royal palace  
Has couches so soft as mine,  
And I have a lily-chalice  
That the morning filled with wine.

The brook is singing so softly  
That I cannot catch its words,  
But its song is as sweet and mellow  
As the music of the birds.  
A robin, perched in the willow,  
Sings with a bobolink  
A duet of sweet bird-music:  
I listen, too idle to think.

What is the use of thinking?  
It is better to dream and rest,  
And forget all the things which vex us,  
Though dreams are but dreams at best.  
In this sweet, still, balmy weather,  
It is easy to quite forget  
That life has its toil and trouble,  
Its cloud and its worrisome fret.

Happy is he who remembers  
Naught of the busy strife—  
Naught of the din and discord  
That jars on the ears of life.  
So let me lie in the clover,  
I am weary with toiling yet;  
Let me dream while the hours fly over,  
And dreaming, I may forget.

## The Men of '76.

COUNT PULASKI,  
The Knight of Liberty.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

PULASKI! What memories of heroic deeds and chivalric devotion to liberty gather around that noble name! How the American heart warms toward the land that gave Pulaski and Kosciuszko birth—now, alas! a nationality no more!

In the old Count Pulaski Poland found one of its first defenders against Russian aggression. With his two sons, Francis and Casimir, he started the "insurrection" which ended in his incarceration and death in a Russian dungeon, and the death, on the battle-field, of Francis; then Casimir continued the struggle until all Europe was filled with the fame of his deeds. He was outlawed, hunted and feared by the Russian, revered and sustained by the Polish people and peasantry whom he led in many a bloody wrestle with their detested enemy, but the Poles were too weak and the allies too strong; the "insurrection" was crushed out, and Pulaski, stripped of his great estates, became a fugitive and exile.

Count Casimir, born in 1747, was just twenty-one years of age when his father called his countrymen to arms, and was, therefore, but twenty-five years of age when the cause of Polish liberty was lost, and he was an outlawed exile. Five years later he turns up in Paris, and after conferences with our Minister to France, old Ben Franklin, he started for America, armed with the following letter from Franklin to Washington:

"Count Pulaski, of Poland, an officer famous throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defense of the liberties of his country against the great invading powers of Russia, Austria and Prussia, will have the honor of delivering this into your hands. The Count here has encouraged and promoted his voyage, from an opinion that he may be highly useful in our service."

With such a recommendation the distinguished Polish "rebel" was given a warm welcome by equally distinguished American "rebels," and he joined Washington's army, in the summer of 1777, as a volunteer, to serve in any capacity where he could aid the cause which deeply enlisted his sympathies and patriotic zeal; but, having no knowledge of the English language, he, like Steuben, De Kalb, Lafayette, Kosciuszko and DuRoi, labored at great disadvantage.

A cavalryman by experience, he sought to create a cavalry corps, for whose command he was recommended by Washington, in a letter to Congress, written just before the battle of Brandywine. At that battle, having no command, he showed his soldierly qualities by taking Washington's body-guard and reconnoitering the enemy in a daring manner, and discovering the enemy's design to cut off the American line of retreat. This important intelligence Washington acted upon, at the same time authorizing Pulaski to gather all the detached troops to obstruct the enemy's advance. This duty he executed with signal success, and much to Washington's admiration. Neither officers nor men could understand a word of his command, but they could quickly comprehend his gallant action and example; and when it became known that he was the celebrated Polish exile the stragglers "fell in" with alacrity, and out of that rather disordered retreat he brought a considerable body of men who fought steadily and had no thought of running away. Pulaski's bearing was so inspiring that all the troops near him seemed to catch the fire of his spirit; the retreat before Howe's powerful columns was steady and in order, for such as Lafayette, Wayne, Pulaski and Greene, were not running men.

Congress having finally decided upon the creation of a cavalry corps, gave to the ardent Pole its command, with the rank of brigadier general. He found the difficulties numerous and discouraging. His troops would no sooner be organized and qualified than they would be ordered off in detachments, on all kinds of service, so that, as a powerful body in well disciplined regiments, the cavalry really had no existence during the entire war. There were, late in the war, several "legions" of horsemen, whose service under Marion, Light-horse Harry Lee, Colonel Washington, etc., did splendid service, but of cavalry, such as European armies knew, we had none, during the struggle for independence.

Pulaski's horse did admirable service at Germantown and in scouting around Philadelphia. It greatly assisted in the severe winter of 1777-8 in procuring supplies for the destitute army at Valley Forge. It was then quartered at Trenton—an advance post which the Pole was most vigilant in guarding. But the service was so unsatisfactory to a man of Pulaski's capacity and temperament that, in the spring of 1778, he proposed to Congress, with Washington's approval, the organization of a separate corps of mixed horse and foot, to do special and dangerous duty. This idea Congress adopted, and he was authorized to raise and equip a body to be known as Pulaski's Legion, composed of sixty-eight horse and two hundred foot—a picked corps of which much was expected. This legion proving very efficient, was soon followed by others under the commanders already mentioned, fully confirming the count's military sagacity as to the best means of doing much service with a comparatively small body of men.

That such an enemy, dashing out from New York, the British greatly annoyed New Jersey, and often times succeeded in doing bloody work. General Gray's massacre of Colonel Baylor's light-horse troop at Old Tap-

pan [see sketch of Wayne] was soon followed by the descent of Ferguson on Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey. Ascending the river he laid waste a whole village, burnt storehouses, salt works, prize ships brought in by the privateers, etc. Pulaski's legion was quartered twelve miles above, to watch the advance of these marauders. A deserter from the legion bore word to Ferguson of the legion's location, strength, and particularly indicated the quarters of the infantry as open for a night surprise. Ferguson was quick to act. A strong body rowed up the river that night, silently surrounded the three houses, bayoneted the guard and surprised the sleeping companies. Ere the men were well on their feet the bayonet and saber were doing their deadly work. "It being a night attack, little quarter, of course, could be given, so there were only five prisoners," was Ferguson's official report of his brutal massacre. Fifty of the infantry were butchered on the spot—among them two gallant Frenchmen, the Baron de Bose and Lieutenant de la Broderie. Pulaski, with his horsemen, quartered some distance away, soon came dashing down upon the horrible scene, when Ferguson's men, with reeking bayonets, ran hastily to the river and rowed away.

These shocking sacrifices by Gray and Ferguson made the war-cry "no quarter to the British bloodhounds," but Washington and all his commanders never, for a moment, wavered in their humane conduct of the war; it was reserved to the British alone to murder like the real savage with whom they readily fraternized. And, to show its appreciation of such "gallantry," as cutting down men in cold blood, while the cry for quarter was on their lips, the Government afterward bestowed upon General Gray a peerage. His record through the entire war was one ensanguined with the blood of men slain by the bayonet. May his memory forever be crimson!

But, efficient and useful as the legion proved to be, under Pulaski's fine discipline and daring leadership, the sphere of action was so irregular, and the duties so ill-suited to a man of his capacity, that the Count grew weary of the service, and in the fall of 1778 seriously contemplated a return to Europe; but Washington, in an appreciative letter, encouraged him to remain, and dispatched the Legion to the South, in February, 1779, where there would be work enough for it, of a somewhat dignified and responsible character.

Pulaski reached Charleston only three days before it was summoned by General Prevost to surrender (May 11th.) The Count urged fight, sustaining the sturdy Moultrie fully, and when Prevost retreated to James island, the Pole was on his very heels.

But, campaigning in the Carolina lowlands soon put Pulaski on his back, with a fever, and he was forced to idleness for many weeks. Even Carolinians born were not proof against the malaria and sun which render a summer in the South Carolina coast region enervating in the extreme.

In September the French fleet, under Count D'Estate, appeared off Charleston, and communicating with General Lincoln, a combined land and sea attack on Savannah, then in British hands, was arranged. To Pulaski was given the work of advance observation. Proceeding to the field before Savannah, he reconnoitered very fully, to discover that Prevost was rapidly fortifying. He cut off one of Prevost's pickets and opened the way to the sea-shore, to communicate with D'Estate, who arrived Sept. 6th (1778); but, great delays followed, and it was not until the 16th that the fleet had approached near enough to make the demand for surrender.

This delay, as Pulaski warned his commander (Lincoln), was fatal, for the British, by night and day, worked like beavers. Thirteen redoubts and fifteen batteries were completed, and seventy-six cannon mounted before the demand for surrender was made. To Prevost's request for twenty-four hours to consider the demand, D'Estate assented. That was the most fatal mistake of all, for Prevost was then hourly expecting Col. Maitland, with eight hundred regulars from Beaufort. That night they found their way in, piloted by negroes through the interior water-courses. This reinforcement enabled Prevost, the next day, to give the French Admiral a defiant "No!" and that necessitated a siege. Pulaski was very much chagrined at all this; a siege was not to his taste.

The siege progressed with much hard artillery fighting, until Oct. 7th, when time became so urgent with the Admiral that he could not tarry there longer. So an assault was determined upon for the early morning of Oct. 9th, much against Lincoln's wishes and judgment. The French landed all their troops and machines, and the attack was made in two columns, each led by their respective chiefs—the French on the right, and Americans on the left. To penetrate the enemy's line on the left it was necessary to overpower one of his most powerful works—the Spring Hill redoubt, where Col. Maitland had drawn all his force. Having been fully advised by a deserter of the whole American plan of attack, Prevost knew exactly where the blow was to be struck; so he arranged his two thousand eight hundred and fifty regulars, Tories, Indians and negroes to the best advantage.

To Pulaski was assigned the left, next beyond the Spring Hill battery, to pass between it and the battery nearest the river, while Col. Laurens was to assault the Spring Hill work. All was not ready, however, at four o'clock, when the attack should have been made, so that when the movement commenced the enemy could see the whole line, and used their artillery with murderous effect. The French especially suffered, but with astonishing élan penetrated to the town only to be cut by cross-fire. The work on the left by the Americans was equally fierce and sanguinary. Col. Laurens' men actually mounted the parapet of the Spring Hill redoubt, and Lieutenants Bush and Hume planted the colors of the second South Carolina regiment on the works. Both of the brave fellows were instantly shot down. Lieut. Gray sprang to the color staff to sustain it, when he too was shot mortally. Then came the heroic action of Sergeant Jasper. Seeing Gray fall he bounded to his side, seized the colors and held them aloft only to be shot, in his turn. It was an awful struggle there on that parapet. The dead lay upon it in a ghastly row. Some even pressed over into the work, to be sabered and shot by Maitland's steady regulars.

Pulaski pressed in on his front with alacrity and dash. Leading his legion straight up to the abatis, he was just in the act of leaping over, under a keen fire, when a cannon-ball struck him in the groin, and he fell. The corps pressed on to the fierce combat, but though the abatis was passed, and the way open to the town, on the extreme left, the failure to carry Spring Hill left the enemy in possession of the field. The recall was sounded. D'Estate had already been borne away, badly shot, and several of his finest officers slain.

The various columns withdrew, still under severe fire. Pulaski's men finding that their commander had been left where he fell, a vol-

unteer squad returned through a cutting shower of musketry and cannon shot, and bore off the desperately wounded man, greatly to his satisfaction.

Out of four thousand nine hundred and fifty of the assailants the French lost seven hundred—the Americans four hundred, in killed, wounded and missing.

D'Estate kept up a show of siege until Oct. 18th, when he sailed away. Lincoln was then forced to abandon the enterprise wholly, and returned to Charleston.

Pulaski was taken aboard an American brig and tenderly cared for by the French surgeons, but, after three days' suffering, as the brig sailed out of Savannah he expired, and was buried from the deck, at sea. His body, that would have been sacredly enshrined under a monument worthy a hero of the purest and noblest type, was sepulchred where no monument could mark the sacred spot. In Charleston solemn services were held in his honor, and very sincere was the regret over the soldier's death, expressed through all this country, as well as in Europe, where his deeds had made his name a household word.

## Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

CONJECTURE ran riot in the little New Hampshire village for weeks after the disappearance of Florence Goldsborough. It was evident to the dullest comprehension that something very strange was transpiring in the history of the Goldsborough family. Not long after her daughter's flight the mother went to some relatives of hers at New York, for a long visit. This was followed by the announcement that the banker had concluded to change his place of residence and was advertising for some man, with money, to buy out his banking business in Lycurgus. Such a person was found; and, on the first of August, Mr. Ethan Goldsborough retired from the bank, with a snug little fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars, and leaving his residence in the hands of an agent, to dispose of at the first opportunity, he bade a feeling adieu to his minister, his brother deacons, and all his long list of friends and flatterers, who expressed their deep regret at the loss of so excellent and substantial a citizen.

Nor had the voice of gossip been entirely silent with regard to the great and sudden intimacy which had sprung up between the Vernons and the French lady at the hotel.

Lycurgus was haunted by summer-boarders during "the season," and Madame D'Eglantine was not the only stylish, wealthy lady stopping at the Lycurgus House; but she was certainly the lion of the hotel and the village. A woman of such winning manners, great personal beauty, absolutely correct taste in dress, possessed of such rare jewels and reported to be the owner of old estates in her native country half as large as a small province, would naturally make a sensation in almost any community. In Lycurgus her every movement was noted by a phalanx of curious admirers.

It was said that the grave lawyer, so long devoted to the memory of his young wife who had died so shortly after their marriage, was wildly in love with the charming madam—or her estates—and encouraged a friendship between her and his pretty adopted daughter as an excuse for himself being often in her company.

Certain it was that after her second visit to Madame D'Eglantine—that visit during which the fetters which the yearning mother had placed on her own lips were unlocked, and her whole story, names excepted, poured in the ear of the astonished girl—Violet was daily, and for hours each day, in the French lady's society. Their affection for each other was apparent; yet, curiously enough, no one suspected the fact that Violet might have found her mother, at last.

Finally, on the sixth of August, the court sat in an adjacent county-town; and it was from there the story came, breaking over Lycurgus, like thunder out of a clear sky.

The French lady was Ethan Goldsborough's first and true wife; Violet was their child; and the lady had now applied for papers of separation which would allow him to do justice to the deceived woman who, for so many years, had regarded herself as his legal and only wife. All the details of the scandalous history, as they were revealed and proven in court, were seized upon and devoured by the hungry neighbors of the absconded banker. Well for him that he had taken himself away in time! So surely as he had dared public opinion by remaining, the fate of "old Floyd Olson" would have been his—

"Dared and feathered and carried in a cart."

His poor daughter Florence was now pitted, and the motives of her flight better understood.

"Poor child! poor, sensitive, petted child! She could not bear to show her innocent face among those who would so soon learn her father's infamy! Ah, where had she fled, poor young thing? Pray Heaven to keep her in the right path, that her father's sins might not drive her into deeper sin!" was the general tenor of the comments upon her case.

Lo! Mr. Vernon had good reason, with that complicity suit on his hands, to consult the beautiful stranger frequently; while the friendship between the two ladies was most fully explained! And so! Violet, the flower of the village, the favorite of young and old, was destined to be a great lady and a great heiress! And so! the good lawyer who had taken her, dripping, from Silver Creek, and brought her up as his own, was likely to receive a rich reward from the gratitude of the mother! How interesting! And every light and shade, every possibility and impossibility of the affair, was dwelt upon with lingering relish. Meantime, the case went into court so fortified by proofs already prepared, that in three days the long-rusted link was legally broken, and Madame had received the right to assume her own family name, under which she was already known. And Violet Vernon was Violet D'Eglantine, by special permission—for she would not claim or bear her father's dishonored name—and, reluctant to desert the adopted father to whom she was far more tenderly bound than to her mother, had persuaded Madame D'Eglantine to become a visitor at Mr. Vernon's during the short period of her proposed further stay in the village.

Time fairly flew. To poor, weary, life-worn madam, his wings seemed made of thistle-down, glittering whitely and silently in the blue air, leaving no sign, making no noise. She was *rested*, and heavenly happy, after years of unrest and misery.

But the middle of September came all too soon; when the measure of the idyl must be changed. Her plans, as far as she had made any, were to spend the winter in New York, keeping Violet with her, and to return to France the following summer.

Convinced of Mr. Vernon's strict integrity—unwilling to separate him entirely from Violet—eager to repay some of her money obligations to him, she had offered him the agency of her estates at a salary quadrupling his modest income as a village lawyer. The offer had not yet been accepted; Mr. Vernon was a "creature of habit," and it was hard work to uproot his life from its native soil.

But the temptation was great in two ways; he knew that he should like the gain of a larger experience after the first effort was made; and his home could never again be really his home to him after the bright girl had deserted it who had so long been its sunshine. He saw and acknowledged that the retired village where she had hitherto grown like a wild blossom was no longer a suitable residence for a young lady with Violet's prospects. Destined to queenship, she must learn to rule. The art of trailing the courtly robe and wearing the insignia of rank must be acquired. She was her mother's girl, now. If the thought gave him many a keen pang it gave him also many a throb of proud delight. Violet would be a lady, lovely as the loveliest, proud and pure—stately, perhaps, as the years wore on—but always with a sweet charm of her own, like that of the moss in which the richest rose half-veils its peerless beauty.

The fifteenth of September, as we say, came all too quickly; the lawyer had not made up his mind; but when madam's baggage came down into the wide old hall, and among it one modest trunk with "V. V." painted on it, his doubts vanished in one sudden resolve.

"I shall join you in New York before the first of October," he said, when he came into the dinner-table. "That is settled!"

Violet jumped out of her chair and ran around to give him a hug.

"Cannot you go with us to-morrow, papa?"

"Impossible. Two weeks will be little enough time to close up my affairs here. I must find a tenant for the house—the books must be boxed—including those at the office—"

"Oh, papa, what will become of Charlie?" cried Violet, interrupting.

"He will have to place himself in some other lawyer's office, I suppose. Poor Charlie! he's very blue about our desertion of him. I told him yesterday I was afraid I should yield to the temptation, and resign law in Lycurgus, with the brilliant prospect of a judgeship just before me!"

"Yet he has not been here for a week—Charlie has not," thought the beautiful girl, going back to her plate, slowly, with downcast eyes. "Oh, how cold, how distant he has been, lately! Blue? Papa need not flatter himself it is on our account! I do not wonder that he is blue, since he has learned all that wickedness of Florence's father"—Violet never could, for a single moment, then or thereafter, think or feel that Ethan Goldsborough was *her* father, also! "Perhaps he has had bad news from Florence herself. If he is low-spirited it is about her—not about me!" and the blinding tears rushed into her eyes, as they had got into a foolish habit of doing.

Very little dinner did Violet eat that day. Every mouthful was an effort. It was not only that Charlie had kept away so much, recently, but this was the *last* day at home, and, fond as she was of her new-found mother, eager to taste the joys of the world, her heart clung to home, and seemed breaking when she thought that she was leaving it forever.

As soon as the dinner was done with—they dined at two o'clock in that primitive village—she told her mother, who usually indulged in a siesta from three to four, that she was going out for a farewell stroll through her favorite haunts.

It was a glorious September day. The deep-blue sky fairly burned with intense luster. The morning had been cool in that mountainous region—frost, the night previous, had slightly loosed the forest leaves which it had painted, and, all day, like gorgeous, lazy butterflies, those leaves of scarlet, purple and crimson had slowly floated and settled down.

Violet took a path through the fields back of the house, which brought her out, sooner than the village street would have done, to the banks of Silver Creek, a short distance below the bridge, and on the edge of the woods. Far off the blue hills stood dimly against the more blue horizon; the stream, strewn with fallen leaves, sung dreamily, like a lady in love, to itself, between grassy banks, along one of which the path led on into the woods. The place was the frequent haunt of the villagers; not a shadow of fear, any more than as if she had been in her own garden, fell on Violet's mind, as she wandered along the well-known path, thinking of her brief past and her strange future—a dreaming girl on the verge of womanhood, and the sweetest picture ever seen between sunlight and shadow as she finally sat herself in a grapevine swing not far from the ruins of the old mill, where she and her mother had once been so near to meeting their doom.

As sweet a picture as painter, poet or lover could ask to see! The fair, fair face, half-drooped in reverie, the bright hair glistening and waving in the breeze, the slender, girlish figure, in its white dress, looking like a spirit's, so lightly poised in the swing—great bunches of purple grapes almost touching the golden head, and framing, with their green leaves and dark tendrils, the whole airy picture—the little, meekly-folded hands; the tiny, slippered feet—no wonder Charlie Ward, coming to the house five minutes too late and following in swift pursuit, paused long to look and love, and adore and glorify.

But Charlie saw more than the girl's beauty and adorability; he saw the jewels flashing about the lily throat and on the little hands, placed there by a haughty mother, who had doubtless planned a splendid marriage, some day, for her beautiful daughter and heiress.

For young Ward, in addition to his other doubts and troubles, saw, or fancied he saw, that Madame D'Eglantine despised him—

"A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,"

and sought quietly, without giving the affair the shape of words, to discourage a sentiment which she was resolved should never amount to anything serious. The mother discountenanced him—the daughter doubted him! Charlie stood, his heart in his eyes, the shadow of his trouble darkening his frank face, nervously clutching his hat, which he had removed, the wayward woodland wind waving the light-brown curls on his almost boyish forehead—scarcely knowing whether to creep away without speaking the farewell which, at best, must be but a hollow, half-way expression of his feelings, or whether to risk all on one rash burst of love's young eloquence.

While he hesitated, two pearly tears gathered and fell on the face before him, and her lips parted in a low, soft cry:

"Charlie! Charlie!"

He knew that she was unaware of this presence—unaware, indeed, that she had spoken aloud—but her voice told him all; that she loved him, reproached him, wondered at his absence!

What did he care then for the mother's haughty smile of patronage, for the ring burning so wickedly on his hand?

"Violet," he answered, to her inmost thought, and starting, the tear-brimmed eyes met his; soul spoke to soul; no need of words of explanation. He held out his hand, and Violet, slowly slipping from the swing, whose purple clusters had kissed her golden head, came coyly forward and gave him her own. He drew her to him, and for the first time their hearts each felt the throbbing of the other, while the happiest moment possible to any human life—the first moment of knowing and feeling for the first time that we are beloved—fled swiftly over them. Oh, rapturous moment!

A thrill ran through the quiet woodland, the leaves whispered, the stream laughed softly, a bird high up in a scarlet maple burst into a trill of exultation.

Presently Violet, with cheeks colored like carnations, and a little sweet, shy laugh to hide her confusion, drew away from the arms pressing her too tenderly.

"You will let me take Florence's ring from your finger now, Charlie?" and she made a playful move to do so.

"That is the only thing you could have asked me which I would not do joyfully for you, Violet. Why did you think of that? There is a reason, which I am not at liberty to tell any one, why I must wear the ring until I see Florence. But it is not—Violet, I swear to you it is not because I have any interest in her, or that there ever was any understanding between us."

"You expect me to be satisfied with that, Charlie—and yet allow you to wear her ring and to have a secret about it?"

They were walking along the path now, toward the village. Violet was not suspicious by nature; but just in proportion to her love for the one by her side was her intense jealousy about the ring.

"I would like my Violet—if she is mine—to trust me!" said the lover, trying to take her hand as he spoke.

She folded her arms before her, looking at the path, not at him.

"If you cannot trust me in so little a matter, Violet, how can you confide your whole life and happiness to my keeping?"

"I have not promised to do that yet, Mr. Ward," she answered.

"Violet!" he spoke, almost sternly, stopping and standing before her so that she, too, was obliged to pause. "Do you love me?"

For a moment the soft, clear blue eyes were raised to his with a look he had never seen in them before; her lips trembled; but when she answered him her voice was steady and cold:

"You have no right to ask me that question as long as you wear another girl's ring. And I will not reply to it as long as you do."

"Very well, Violet. Let the subject be dropped between us, then. If you have no confidence in me, you can have no real love for me. I may as well bid you good-by here as anywhere. You leave in the morning, I believe. Good-by, and—and—a pleasant winter to you, Miss D'Eglantine."

The fiery pride which struggled with his love could not quite prevent the choking of his voice over the last words.

The next instant, Violet, who, without looking up, had just murmured, "Good-by," heard his step cracking over the underbrush, as he turned out of the path and struck into the woods without once looking back.

She remained rooted to the spot, believing that he could not really be gone. Yet she had driven him away. She had ended her own happiness—quarreled with Charlie!—and about what?

Ah, that dreadful ring! Was it not destined to be associated, in her family, with sorrow and tragedy? Her mother had noticed the ring on Charlie's hand, some time ago, and had declared it to be an heirloom of the D'Eglantines, and the very ring which Ethan, in their mad flight, unprovided with another, had married her with, and afterward basely robbed her of. Yes, her mother had asked Charlie to restore her ring to her, and he had politely, but firmly, declined! Yet he expected, under these strange circumstances, that she would be content to see him wear it, and demand no explanation.

But indignation could not make Violet less miserable. She stood there, angry, suspicious, jealous, yet in love all the same, vaguely hoping and expecting that Charlie would return and make some sufficient apology, and they would be happy again.

Five minutes passed. She *did* hear a step approaching, and then, perverse as her sex is sure to be under such circumstances, she would not turn—she would not yield an inch!

Then some one spoke to her, but it was not Charlie.

A voice which she only half recognized said: "Will my daughter do me the first favor her father has ever asked of her—grant me a few minutes' interview?"

She wheeled about and stood face to face with—Mr. Goldsborough.

A strange, creeping chill of dislike ran through her when she heard herself addressed as his daughter. Her first impulse was to scream and run, but she conquered it.

"Come!" said he, and he *did* look ill and worn. "I am in trouble, and I want only to talk with you a little while. I did not care to be an heirloom of those who know me. It would make scandal and excitement for nothing. Walk along the path with me a little way, while I give you the message which I wish you to take from me to your mother."

Very reluctantly she turned and walked with him.

And Lycurgus had another sensation that night. It was in a fair way to "sup full of horrors"—when the church-bells rung at nine o'clock that evening, and the news flew from mouth to mouth that Violet D'Eglantine had gone into the woods for a ramble and had not come out. All night the villagers, led by Charlie and Mr. Vernon—both of them nearly mad with anxiety—searched the grove, the pond, the stream, but found nothing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BELLE PETITE AND THE DRAGON.

The little adventuress awakened early in the strange room in which Mr. Rhodes' housekeeper had put her to sleep. Fatigue had given her some hours of sound repose, but the light steps of the first servant who descended from the attic to the regions below aroused her, and she had at least two hours for meditation before Mrs. Plimpton knocked at her door with word that it was time to rise.

In those two hours Florence Goldsborough did ages of hard thinking. She had a clear head, like her father, and something of his lack of moral principle. As yet she had never done anything really bad; she shrunk from wicked







ed by fire and enemies on the river bottom is to attempt the description of a scene to which our pen is inadequate to do justice. The fire was lighted at the signal of the horn in an almost continuous semi-circle. The grass being dry and the wind drawing down the valley with considerable force the flames spread rapidly and shot into the air as if possessed of life, twisting and writhing—now bellying to the wind like a crowded sail—now shooting again in majestic and awful grandeur into the purple dome of darkness. And, too, the noise was terrific. The hissing, crackling and roaring of the flames, commingled, sounded like the rush of a tornado through the forest.

But to Dakota Dan, Kit Bandy and the young rangers the sight and sound were nothing new. Only the presence of the moving figures, just visible in the red glare of the fire, out upon the plain, gave them uneasiness; for they had the choice of but two avenues of escape: to ride through the fire, or the enemies' lines. Neither was inviting, nor offered advantage over the other.

"Boys," said Dakota Dan, "we've got to hussle out and meet the foe or fire. My suggestion, however, is to fire the grass right here and let it drive the enemy before it, as their fire'll drive us."

"That's very good advice, ole man," assented Kit Bandy; "but, then, I don't see why it should make great difference to you if ye ride through the fire. You ort to be gittin' a little used to it, Dan'l; then it won't go so hard with you when you make yer grand entry below. But then that is the dingdest, dandest ole roarer of a fire I ever clapped my optics onto."

"Shall we fire the grass, Dan'l?" asked Darcy Cooper.

"Yes," replied Dan, "let it blizzar." And they at once fired the grass in a score of places, then mounting their horses held themselves in readiness for any emergency. Kit Bandy was furnished with the only old horse in the band. The fire last started was soon under headway, and, when it had burned over a few rods, the rangers rode in upon its trail and followed it up close as the heat would permit.

They were now surrounded entirely by the walls of fire, but while one side was approaching the other was receding. All within the circle was light as noonday, though each face and form looked weird and gray in the sickly, garish light. All beyond the fire was black as oblivion.

To the surprise and fear of our friends, however, they soon discovered that the wall of flame behind them served as a partial wind-screen to that before. The result was that the former gained rapidly upon the latter, endangering the rangers' situation. They had entertained hopes of being far enough in on the trail of their own fire, to be out of danger before the other came up close enough to reach them; for, of course, the rear fire could only advance to where the other started.

Pressing as close, however, as the heat would permit, to the advance wall, they watched closely for a chance to dash through. The wind surged up; the flames, like great dragon tongues, swept down after them, reaching out parallel with the earth's surface more than a hundred feet, hissing and crackling as though possessed of a devilish spite, and eager to sting the besieged to death with their fire-envenomed shafts.

The clothing of the rangers began to smoke, and their flesh to smart with the terrible heat. Breathing became difficult, and the smoke, sailing over, blinded and bewildered them. Their horses began to rear and plunge with fright. The awful sounds of suffocating men and animals rose from out the midst of the flame. Death seemed inevitable; but at the last moment the flame behind the rangers was extinguished as suddenly as though the hand of God had swept it from existence. It had reached the trail of the other fire and died out.

A strong gust of wind carried the last of the smoke and heat over our friends, who were already reeling in their saddles. But now the cool, fresh air revived them. In a moment they were themselves again.

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed old Kit between fits of coughing and sneezing, "if that weren't atchew!—a little the strongest scent I ever atchew!—had of the brimstone regions. Confound the confounded, con—atchew!"

"Away, boys! away!" suddenly shouted old Dan; "the vermin are comin' round the circle. Into it, Patience, ole gal! Let's strike fur the river, boys!"

The enemy had massed nearly the whole of their forces on the south side, not anticipating this maneuver of the rangers; and when the latter turned north along the plain to oppose their flight. A few random shots were exchanged, but without any visible effect on either side.

Our friends bore directly toward the river whose shore they soon reached. They found the bank nearly ten feet high—the current strong and swift. But there was no other avenue of escape open to them, and, speaking a word to his mare, Dakota Dan and his noble beast shot from the bank into the river with a thunderous splash. Both horse and rider sunk from view under the waves, but soon appeared again and struck out for the opposite shore.

One after another the rangers followed his example, and upon the river was lashed into a foam by plunging horses. All effected a safe landing on the opposite shore where the bank was low and firm, and, besides the river, they had put several rods between themselves and the enemy, ere the latter had reached the opposite shore.

"Safe! Safe! by all that's good!" exclaimed old Dan, as they rode into the gloom beyond the radius of light.

"Yes, and wet, wet, by all that's bad!" returned Kit Bandy, with an air of disgust. "Confound this kentry, it's the dingdest, dandest place I was ever in. Right out of one trouble into another—no sooner war we out of the devil's own fire than we war right into the Styx itself; and now here we go, feelin' wetter and glummer than a duck tangled in an alligator's maw."

"Friend Kit," said Dan, gravely, "you alers look on the dark side of everything; yer lamentations are longer'n the moral law. Now, here's the Triangle, that's me, Humility, my dorg thar, and Patience, my mare here, what takes the bitter with the sweet. We've grown old on the peraro, extarnatin' redskins, killin' bars and buffalo, and never find fault if we git the wu'st of a bargain. No, sir; meekness, humility and patience are the component parts of the Triangle."

"Great horn of Joshua! I'd like to know what I've been doin' all these fifty-odd years," replied Kit. "Why, man, I'll bet I kin show a record fuller of crooks, ups and downs, roughs and tumbles, than any man that ever hopped on creation or dodged a broomstick in

the hands of an exasperated feminine woman. Dan'l, war you ever married? Did you ever taste the sweets of domestic conjugality?"

"Wa—al, no; I don't remember as I did."

"Lord, man! you'd not 'a' forgot it if you had. I've been thar, Dan'l, I've been thar; and the little differences atwixt me and my ducksy, Sabina Ann, war indelibly impressed on my mind with a skillet, rollin' pin, tatter-smasher, or whatever war handiest to her paws at the time her angelic temper took a summersault."

Satisfied they were now beyond danger of pursuing enemies, the rangers took a lively interest in the colloquy of the two old bordermen. As they had not expected to meet with Idaho Tom again during the night, they entertained no uneasiness regarding his fate; although they knew he was exposed to dangers.

Dakota Dan took the lead, gradually bending their course northward in hopes of finding the camp of Major Loomis. He was satisfied that the major's party must be off in that direction, unless it had fallen a prey to the ruthless vandals who had been constantly scouring the plain for the last three days and nights.

After two hours' hard riding, the party struck a little clump of pine brushwood in which they halted with the intention of encamping there for the night. By means of matches, that had escaped being rendered useless by the plunge into the river, a fire was lighted. The rangers had no fears of its light publishing abroad their location; for they were surrounded by high bluffs, and overshadowed by a clump of scrubby pines. Under this friendly arbor, before a roaring fire, the party disposed themselves in various positions, all engaged in the duty of drying their clothes and putting their weapons in a condition for immediate use.

The horses had been picketed near to crop the grass, which, under the sheltering pines, had, so far, escaped the autumn frosts. The guards were posted at various points around the camp, although Dan would have felt perfectly secure in trusting the safety of their bivouac to the keen instinct of his dog, Humility.

Kit Bandy's tongue ran incessantly, and between him and Dan, the rangers' spirits were revived by continual outbursts of merriment.

"Dinged if this ain't the wu'st night I ever experienced since I quit horseback!" Kit remarked, as he changed his position in order to dry the other side of his smoking garments; "the time ole Sabina rolled me into the creek sowed up in a blanket war a real lively affair, but then thar war'n't so cussed much reality in it, as thar war in this; for then it was warm weather, and to night's somewhat chilly."

"I thought different thar at one time when the fire war about to bounce us," said Dakota Dan.

"That war a frisky time, Dan'l; but, ole man, you don't know anything 'bout hot fires. You'd ort to 'a' married in order to have seen fire—real, hissin', hot fire. Many's the time that I've had a tea-kettle of bilin' water poured down my back by that ole hashint of a Sabina; and haydoogins of times hev I Christofer Bandy, had a shovel full of hot coals and ashes dabbed into my mouth. Horn of Joshua! then you'd ort to 'a' seed me spit fire and vomit hot ashes like a walkin' Vasuvius—and that ole Sabie was the cause of it all."

"I'm afeared, Kit Bandy," said Dan, "that you do the memory of yer dead wife injustice."

"Dead!" exclaimed Kit, in apparent astonishment; "dead, did ye say, ole man? Oh, ho! ho! ho! Why, man, that woman's livin' well as ever she war in her life; and the last time I hear of her she war bent 'counted by a youth of twenty down in San Joaquin. Dead! you must be crazy, man. A California woman of the old type never dies—never, Dan'l. It's yer little frail things, born within the last century, that dies afore they're fifty. I'll never, never forgit the time that poor little Maggie Sailor died down at Black Bill's Gulch; and Kit's voice grew deep with emotion.

"She could sing like an angel, and many's the time she'd been heard prayin' in secret—actly prayin' for the Lord to bless the wicked, hard hearted miners. We old hardened sinners used to alers feel freer and purer arter we'd even looked on that gal. She war a power in the gulch, I tell ye. All the gold thar couldn't 'a' had the influence over the men that that young Maggie Sailor had. But one day she sickened and died; and then, boys, thar war sadness in that gulch. Men that never knowed what grief was broke right down and blubbered like school-boys. Tom Benson came to me and says he, 'Kit, Maggie's gone!' 'Gone where?' axed I. 'To heaven,' says he; 'she's dead!' I never felt so awful in my life. I thought I war goin' to choke. I loosened my collar and rubbed the mist off my eyes. I left the mine and went home, and fixed up, and went up to the Sailors' house. I told 'em I wanted to see Maggie, and they took me into the room whar she war laid out in a rough pine box. And it war then, boys, that I thought I'd a glimpse into heaven. I felt queer—as though I war floatin' in the air; I wanted to bawl right out. Only the rude box told me that I warn't lookin' afar off through a window of heaven upon an angel. Poor little thing!" and the rough old borderman brushed the mist from his eyes.

"She laid thar with her lily hands folded across her puleses a breast, her big, soft brown eyes closed; her white teeth just showin' through her lips, and her golden hair curlin' and nestlin' so fond-like around her marble-white brow."

"One by one the miners came stealin' shyly up to the Sailor cabin to git a look at the faded flower. Men that hadn't washed their faces, nor shaved for years, come thar, clean and orderly, with a tremor on their lips. And it war really amusin', though sad, to see one of 'em—great, big fellows that was never known to conceal a pistol nor a wicked thought—come up thar with a tiny little pony, or a sprig of evergreen hid somehow about 'em, and when they thought no one war looking, they'd tuck it into her hair or fasten it on her collar. The next day came the funeral, and every man in the gulch followed poor Maggie to her grave, and as we looked on her face for the last time, a great sob burst fr'm every breast. Mobby, boys, you think I'm jokin', but it's a serious fact."

The rangers did not dispute him. The mist in his eyes and the tremor in his voice, not only verified his words, but proved that he had a heart, rough as the exterior man was, susceptible of the tenderness of human passions. A few minutes of silence followed the conclusion of his story; then each of the rangers wrapped his blanket around him, and laid down to rest, his mind seriously impressed by Kit's words, which were spoken with a pathos that appealed directly to the better nature of each.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

## THE ETERNAL MELODY.

BY JOHN GOSSE.

"Sing me one song—one sweet heart-song—  
That—adeth a wuth  
And then her eyes—my carling's eyes—  
Were closed forever!  
Love, do you hear—ah! do you hear—  
Across the River?  
I sing the song I sung so long:  
"I love thee ever!"

## The Cross of Carlyon:

OR,  
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT THE DIARY TOLD.

It would, probably, be a dull recital, to give the reader, verbatim, the contents of the dark-leather diary which held the secret life of, and an explanation of the mysteries connected with, the first Christabel Carlyon of Lochwood.

For the sake of brevity, we detail this chapter explanatory in our own way.

Christabel Carlyon was born at Chichester, England—the child of a London banker. Her mother died in child-birth, and, at the age of two years, the little one was given under the guardianship of a widow whose name was Forney. This widow was, at the time, housekeeper for the lawyer of Carlyon, and the name of this lawyer was Preston Arly.

The fact, however, that widow Forney was housekeeper for Arly was carefully concealed, for certain evil purposes. He supplied her bountifully with funds, covered her obscurity, and brought her prominently under the notice of Edouard Carlyon shortly before the latter's death.

Having then no living relative to whom could be entrusted the precious care of his child, Edouard Carlyon was easily persuaded to bestow the charge upon the widow Forney, who, candidly, was both a comely and engaging woman, and cheerfully prepared to accept the important guardianship.

Father and mother both out of the way, and the child, the heir, in the keeping of a woman who would obey his merest hint, Preston Arly speculated upon a little piece of vengeance about to be enacted as a panacea for an old sore which eat in his breast, occasioned by the fact that an offer of marriage from him had been summarily rejected, some years previous, by the mother of the child whose destiny he now held in a network of devilish power.

In verhauling papers for the adjustment of the estate—which task, by the will, devolved upon him—Preston Arly came across a ponderous document of considerable interest, though he gave it merely a passing glance, being exclusively searching for what related to money and property.

This document was a record, showing that the Carlyons, throughout many generations, had married among themselves in such a way as to preserve their name without a cross of blood. The list embraced most of the learned professions, beginning, however, with the foundation of wedlock, and subsequent line of distinguished family, between a hard-working mechanic and a factory-girl—a singular genealogy, withal. Among its items was a paragraph, in the handwriting of a male member, dated two generations back. This member, it would appear, resided in America, owning an estate which he had named Lochwood.

The Carlyons were then growing few, and the writer of the article being childless, and fearing the utter dying out of a lineage so proudly held to, entered on the tablets a curse, a fearful curse of woe, to fall upon whosoever of the female sex, bearing the name of Carlyon, should dare to marry outside the race of that name.

This member, before his demise, and after forwarding the volume to Edouard Carlyon, closed and deserted Lochwood, having inscribed on the walls of his bedroom these words: "A shadow of woe will fall when a cross of the blood enters this mansion!" After arranging the affairs of Edouard Carlyon—out of which he pocketed and pilfered money and land without scruple—Preston Arly removed the widow Forney to a cozy little cottage in the country, weaving around it all the luxury, comfort and floral beauties that wealth could procure.

He seemed devoted to the child, fondling, caressing and playing the very monkey, to amuse its infant whims.

The little Christabel was a marvel of prettiness, and, as she grew in years, Preston Arly—jealously watchful in every particular—exulted in the prospect of her splendid womanhood.

The years passed slowly, but sure; and as sure was the plot, nourished in a craven heart, which Preston Arly entertained from the first.

At last the time came. Christabel arrived at an age when her charms fairly dazzled the scheming rascal and hastened his plans, lest she should see too much and learn too fast of the world around her.

Then it was that Albert Arly, son of the lawyer—a young man more vicious than his father; gambler, libertine, wayward fellow, over whom there was no mortal control—was brought to the cottage and introduced to Christabel.

After the introduction he visited there frequently, holding many pleasant conversations with the young girl whose loveliness had enraptured him.

They walked among the flowers, in sunshine and moonlight; they had many gay drives over the rose-bordered road. He plainly betrayed the fascination that encompassed him, and with a smooth tongue that imbued Christabel with rare, sweet fancies—telling her so much that was new, wonderful, enchanting—it was quite natural that she should soon feel a fondness for his company.

Preston Arly watched the progress of affairs at the cottage, like a wee-eyed rat at its hole in a cheese closet. He and the widow Forney exchanged knowing winks, and the scheming lawyer rubbed his skinny hands together gleefully.

It did not require any encouragement from Arly senior, to push Albert in a resolve to wed the beautiful girl who had thus, unfortunately for her, been reserved for him.

Next came the proposal of marriage, and Christabel—already loving him, though scarce able to interpret the influences which drew her toward him—readily accepted.

The wedding was quiet. None were present beside the officiating minister, Preston Arly and the widow Forney. And Albert Arly became possessor of the most angelic girl with whom it had ever been his luck to meet.

But it was not as Christabel Carlyon that she gave her heart and hand to a man whose debased nature and multiplicity of vices had been so concealed from her by the two plotters.

All through those years of seclusion, from infancy, she knew but one name: that of Forney. She believed herself to be the child of the widow, and in signing the certificate, wrote her name "Christabel Forney."

Preston Arly had so cleverly arranged the effects of Edouard Carlyon—by means of a false will, appointing himself executor, etc., that no special inquiry was made after the heir, though she was known to exist. The lawyer's professional reputation was of high degree, and his doings were passed without question.

For a few months after the wedding, Christabel was fairly bewildered with the happy changes that crowded upon this particular page of her life. Hidden away as she had been, it was no wonder that what she saw and mingled with contained its marvels as well as enjoyments.

Albert Arly engaged professors, and shortly beheld in his wife, under their instruction, a woman as perfect and beautiful in manners and conversation, as she was faultlessly glorious in face and figure.

Preston Arly was elated and amply satisfied with his successful scheming. He felt himself, now, in possession of the great wealth of the husband of the woman whom he hated, even in her grave, for having rejected him as a suitor for her hand. But there was an additional opportunity in store, wherein his wicked heart could devise further jubilation.

Albert Arly and Christabel spent a very happy honeymoon. For a while, he seemed enrapt with his wife, and she, day by day, grew fonder of and more devoted to him.

Then a change, terminating in utter desolation—and in this wise:

He was frequently away from her at nights: sometimes a whole week elapsed without her seeing him. His ardor appeared to abate; he was even snappish when chided for his long, inexplicable absences. Like most men of base passions, he soon wearied of the new idol, and neglected her in a manner that wrung her bosom keenly.

Albert Arly was even more vile than his racial of a father supposed.

At that date there existed a secret and particular order of ruffians—when has there not?—in the vast human wilderness of London, whose depredations were committed so adroitly that they completely defied the lynx-eyed emissaries of the law. That they were governed by a brain more fertile and deeply calculating than generally belongs to such men, was evident in the systematic boldness and inviolable success of their law-breaking enterprises.

The existence of the gang had been known and widely felt for some time, but the shrewd authorities failed to trace out and bring to punishment any of its members.

One of their acts was the robbery of the very bank of which Edouard Carlyon was president, and in which Preston Arly, of late years, had become a heavy depositor, liberally speculating with the wealth of his dead dupe. On the occasion referred to, a member of the lawless depredators was, at last, captured.

Under certain promises of leniency this rogue was persuaded to make disclosures which set the detectives on the track of their leader, who was more familiarly known to his associates as "The Hawk."

Albert Arly and his wife were alone in their parlor, one sunny afternoon, when the door was flung open without ceremony, and a powerful man, upon whom was displayed the insignia of his office, confronted Arly with the words:

"You are found at last, sir! Albert Arly, 'Hawk,' leader of the most vile pest gang of London, you are my prisoner!"

The unfortunate officer never spoke again.

Quick as a flash, Arly shot him down. Pausing to thrust the weapon into his wife's hands—the action bettelling a sudden and hellishly conceived idea by which to escape punishment for the bloody deed—he leaped from the low window to the ground below and was gone.

The officer must have had assistance close by, for in the next instant following the report of the pistol several men came crowding in.

They found Christabel standing, like one petrified, over the dead body of the officer, and in her hand the weapon which had killed him.

"Madam," said one, sternly, "I arrest you for murder!"

Murder! She had done nothing. She stared aghast at the terrible words rung in her ears, and was about to protest her innocence—but then she thought of Albert. She could not betray him; her great love for the man sealed her lips. Not a word or sign escaped her, as they led her away to prison, that could have betrayed or even cast suspicion on the wretch who had jeopardized her life.

In her dismal cell, without a friend, utterly forsaken and hardly realizing the dread terrors of her situation, her child was born.

It was there that she first met Meggy Merle, one of the prison attendants, who waited upon the poor unfortunate with sisterly tenderness. Meggy took the babe and cared for it.

When Christabel was able to attend court, the judgment of the law doomed her to be hanged. She made no protest, neither did she employ regular counsel. In her abject wretchedness she was not herself.

Many of those assembled in the crowded court-room sympathized deeply with the prisoner, and many shook their heads in doubt when the judgment was known.

It did not seem possible that one so truly heavenly of face could be guilty of heinous crime, the penalty for which was to be death upon the gallows. The hanging of a woman, too, was revolting in the minds of lawyers and associate judges present.

She made no appeal. There it rested: doomed to the gallows!

The law had seen fit to adjudge her not alone as a murderer, but, also, as an accessory to other murders mysteriously perpetrated by, and promptly credited to, the gang of which her husband was now well known to have been a leader.

Law assumes much and unmerciful error at times.

Albert Arly had disappeared, as if from the face of the earth.

Perhaps Christabel entertained a faint hope that her husband would endeavor to save her, in some way, from the pending doom. Instead, she received a voluminous letter from Preston Arly. It bore no signature, but she knew its author by the contents.

The letter set forth all that we have so far written in this chapter, pertaining to Christabel. It was then that she learned who she really was, her rights, the great wrong that had been done her for the sake of vengeance upon a mother long since at rest in her grave. All the absolute villainy of the man who had pretended such kindness and solicitude, was shown in the scraggy letter. He seemed to derive a pleasure in inflicting his own devilish acts.

"In the family record," concluded this ras-

cally lawyer, "is a curse of woe, set down for any Carlyon of the female sex who shall cross the blood. You are the Cross of Carlyon, and the curse, I think, has been promptly visited upon you. Your father's true will—if it will do you any good to know it—is in the possession of a shriveled hag who was once chased from England on suspicion of being a witch. She was nicknamed the 'Lizard,' because of her slender frame, eely ways and sharp, ugly physiognomy. This hag has made her home in the vaults of the mansion of Lochwood, on the Harford road, near Baltimore, in the United States, and now," abruptly concluded the heartless epistle, "I wish you a swift and smooth journey to the realms of celestial glory!"

Immediately after reading this galling communication, Christabel, possessed of a peculiar idea, dispatched Meggy for some India ink. Meggy procured the article, and at the prisoner's request she pricked upon the arm of Christabel's babe the device of a cross dripping with blood.

"The cross of Carlyon," murmured Christabel, viewing the aptly executed work of the nurse. "When I am gone, and she is old enough to understand, explain its mystery, Meggy, but never let her know her father's name."

For she had made a confidante of the nurse, and showed her the lawyer's letter.

"It's a shame and a sin!" vowed Meggy. "You ought to live, just to confound the wicked scoundrel."

And from the moment she vented the words, Meggy Merle began to plan for the preservation of the life of the woman in whose history and person she took a sudden and decided interest. In a measure she was afterward unsuccessful, though she could not avert the enactment of the execution.

We pass over the scene at the gallows as something too sickening to describe.

Meggy Merle, by dint of perseverance and indomitable courage, succeeded in obtaining possession of the body, when it was out down. Her last hope for the life of the beautiful woman was now at its test.

What she accomplished may be conjectured when, six months later, with the babe in her arms, she took passage for America, leaving Christabel, *alive and beautiful as ever*, in London.

Disguised beyond any possibility of recognition, and supplied with funds which consisted of the hard earnings of Meggy Merle, during the twenty years' attendance at prison, Christabel quietly and surely went about the work of ascertaining all that would be requisite to establish her child in those rights which Preston Arly had wrested from the orphan heir of Edouard Carlyon. For, in view of the revelations contained in the letter she received on the day preceding her execution, she had made a will in favor of her infant, whose existence Preston Arly did not dream of.

She was even on intimate terms with the lawyer, through various pretenses, for a number of months, without his penetrating her disguise.

Eight years of diligent labor obtained for her about all the information that was of value, relating to the estate of her father and the villainy of Preston Arly. She then followed the course of Meggy Merle, as previously agreed upon between them, and soon arrived in America. She knew well where to find the nurse, as they had corresponded regularly.

After much trouble, Christabel obtained possession of Lochwood and other estate in the vicinity of Baltimore.

At the close of the diary, embracing these events and minor occurrences at Lochwood, was a supplement in the writing of Jerome Harrison. The supplement was what we gave the reader as a prologue to this story. The two diaries, as it were, formed the connecting link to the complete history, which our Christabel, the second Lady of Lochwood, had only to continue from the date of Jerome's assassination, to form a family chronicle of love, crime, retribution and sorrow.

Christabel and Rosalie did not remain long at Lochwood. The estate was sold, and, at the same time, all else that was included in the American portion of the Carlyon wealth.

Armed with indubitable proofs of her identity—weapons judiciously provided by Jerome even before leading her to the presence of the minister—Christabel started for England, to claim whatever might be left of the wealth of her grandfather, after its abuse by Preston Arly.

And on the billowy ocean—whose cold, barren vast reflected the loneliness of her widowed heart—we part with Christabel. To Rosalie, also, we say adieu, as the two, heart in heart, hand in hand, sought the scene of a mother's trials and a father's perfidy.

THE END.

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## MY COW BELLE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

She is a pretty milkmaid,  
The very cream of girls,  
Her hair all switched about her face,  
And jumbled up in curls.  
She is perhaps a little pale,  
But I remember well  
The smile upon the tender brows  
Of my divine cow belle.

Indeed, it is past all belief  
The way she trips her toe,  
She has a very kind voice,  
Yes, it is always "so!"  
Her fodder is a wealthy man,  
As you'd discover well;  
And so in endless ovals lives  
My pretty, sweet cow belle.

When first I saw my milkmaid,  
I felt my heart was her's;  
My feelings all were on the dash  
Like cream within a churn;  
I felt that I had gone to grass—  
My mind I longed to tell  
But could not under all the thoughts  
I had for my cow belle.

The stool that held that gallon  
How precious to possess!  
She is the cheese of all the maids  
That graze about this place.  
How I would like to skim choice words  
Her praises all to tell!  
But they might happen to turn sour  
My pretty, sweet cow belle.

I'm a gone smear case if she'd frown;  
I don't see how she cud!  
'Twould gall me like a cloud of flies,  
And cow me down quite good.  
I love butter, and if she's sweet  
Then she will treat me well;  
I'd be a coward not to say  
I love my dear cow belle.

My bran-new hopes would fade if she  
Should bid me go away;  
The worst thing that has e'er occurred  
To me for many a day.  
I'd drink three quarts of buttermilk—  
A fate that's sad to tell  
Then go and kick the bucket for  
The sake of my cow belle.

## Rich Elsington's Folly.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A STately room, with the high ceiling frescoed in delicate blue, sprinkled with silver stars, and a carpet stretching over the floor like a sea of azure velvet, and edged with a wide band of silver. Rare paintings that had cost Mrs. Elsington a fortune; dainty statuettes and bronzes, flowers breathing sweetest perfume on the dusky air; a canary pouring forth low, tender carols; and Mrs. Elsington reclining in an attitude of the most perfect grace and ease on one of the low blue velvet couches that were drawn up before the shining sea-coal fire that was burning, a red-gold mass, behind the silver-barred grate.

She was a magnificent beautiful woman—and proud and vain as such women cannot help being. You know her pride and vanity as much from her graceful position on the lounge—where one exquisite hand and arm supported her head, whose long tresses of light-gold hair was streaming over the soft cushion and down her white cashmere dressing-robe, a soft, foamy thing edged with swan's down and fastened on the dainty throat to the floor with buttons of carved lapis lazuli—the very shade of her eyes; by one small arched foot, peeping from the edge of her wrapper, incased in a kid slipper with a blue bow on the arched instep—as well as by the general appointments of the room, that harmonized so perfectly with her complexion, and made her look twenty years younger than she really was, that made you wonder if it could be possible that she was the mother of the tall, blonde young fellow that came lazily in between the blue silk curtains that divided Mrs. Elsington's boudoir from the hall.

You saw the resemblance between them at a glance—the same languid, yet haughty beauty that lurked in every wave of the sun-gold hair, every expression of the dark proud eyes; and you wondered, almost, how it could be possible for this elegant woman to be old enough to have this great, tall fellow call her "mother," as he did, with such caressing tenderness in his voice that people who knew him ceased to speculate why Mrs. Elsington fairly worshipped him.

And it was worship—nothing short of it—the feeling she entertained for her manly, independent son, who had been her darling when a baby, her pride when a boy, her comfort and hope when his father had died years ago, and her joy and dependence these last years, especially and particularly since his return, not a fortnight since, from a three years' tour to all sorts of ridiculous places—Norway, China and the South Sea Islands.

In all his life of twenty-seven years Rich Elsington had never done but one thing that grieved his mother; and even that, now, seemed a thing of the far distant past, so long as Rich's three years' absence laid between him and what his mother considered his folly; what Rich had come to think a very sharp stroke of Destiny; what really was—the engagement that had existed between him and Cora Baldwin when he went away—the love affair that had been a thorn in the flesh of Mrs. Elsington until Rich had gone over the seas, and—

When Mrs. Elsington reached that point in her mental resume of the affair, she generally flung her remembrances to the winds, because it was just there that the twinges of conscience began; and, as Fate would have it, it was at this identical point that her musings had reached this very morning as she reclined on the couch, to have her meditations dispelled by her son, and in a way of all ways distasteful to her.

He came in, his fair, frank face lighted with the proud smile with which he always welcomed his lady-mother.

"I am glad you are not busy, mother mine. I feared you would be so absorbed in the mysteries of a carriage-toilet, or the creation of a new style of *coiffure* that my time had not yet come to ask you a very important question."

Mrs. Elsington wondered at the growing seriousness of his handsome face.

"Sit down, Rich. You have asked several thousand questions in the two weeks you have been home, and I have answered them all—haven't I? I think one more will not be an impossibility."

Rich did not take the divan which Mrs. Elsington motioned him to at his convenient disposal. Instead, he walked to the low marble mantel, and leaned his arm carelessly against it—his earnest face slightly inclined toward his mother, and his frank, eager eyes looking into hers.

"It's about Cora, mother. What has become of her?"

For one little instant Mrs. Elsington's heart throbbed violently; then she moved one arm languidly to pick her handkerchief from the floor. Rich forestalled her, then went back to his post.

"Thank you. Oh, Cora! Why, you know Baldwin had been detected in a gigantic fraud, didn't you? Mrs. Baldwin did just after—of

a broken heart at her husband's unmerited disgrace, his friends said—of shame at being found out, others said. And Cora—let me see—yes, I am quite sure she married some time ago—a year or so since, if I am not mistaken. Beauty! Beauty!"

She chirped to the bird, in a heartless, gracefully-indifferent way that cut Rich to the heart's core.

"Married! married! Mother, you make the announcement as if you forgot how I loved her. My little Cora married! Well—"

He compressed his lips under the heavy golden mustache. For all Cora Baldwin had ceased writing to him very shortly after he had gone away; for all he had come gradually to know there was something wrong somewhere, and the probability was an old one, that, of course, Cora had ceased to care for him; yet, on the heels of all this, his mother's announcement went home with a thrill of pain and regret.

After a silence that seemed to Mrs. Elsington hours, so keenly were her memories at work with their merciless reminder, Rich spoke.

"Cora Baldwin was the only girl I ever loved—and she, like all the rest, has played me false on the first occasion. Mother, when you gave her the letters I inclosed, what did she say? She never answered them after a few months."

Mrs. Elsington's cheeks flushed slightly—like a faint tinge of sunset pink glowing on an ivory tablet.

"Rich, you must not ask me anything about it. It is enough that she is married, and nothing to you hereafter. Dear, will you be my escort to the Kellogg matinee this afternoon? I will ring for luncheon at once if you will go."

And so Cora Baldwin's name was hushed between the two.

"Papa!"  
A voice as low and silvery as the tune of a throat, with tender contralto cadences lingering round the word she whispered as she bent over a lounge where a feeble-limbed, white-haired old man was lying.

"Yes, Cora, I am not asleep. You wanted me for anything?"

It was a fine, grand face, for all the seams and lines drawn on it by care and trouble and physical pain.

"Only to tell you I have succeeded at last, papa. Just think of it—fifteen dollars a week, and from nine till five. Papa! tell me you are so pleased and proud of me!"

Mr. Baldwin's lips quivered.

Proud of her! proud of this brave, cheery girl, with her sweet, pure face and her brown eyes shining like stars—with her light-hearted gaiety that had bridged over the dreadful days since fate and misfortune had overtaken him, and hustled him from place to place until he was poor, helpless, hopeless on his daughter's hands.

Proud of her? His hands went out in a sudden embrace that drew her bright head to his breast.

"My darling, my noble, brave darling! To think how you have worked and slaved!"

She interrupted him in playful protest.

"Slaved! Now, papa, that is all the thanks I get for keeping myself pretty for you. Honor bright, now, do I look as if I had been worked to death?"

Her bright face was all aglow, and her brown eyes seemed overflowing with joyousness; and Mr. Baldwin's face lightened a moment under her magnetism.

"My princess! to think you should cling to me, when all the world believes me guilty of—"

A stern, decisive look chased the dimples from her cheeks.

"Papa! we agreed never to discuss that. You know all the world couldn't make me believe it of you, and even if it had been true, didn't you let all you had in the world go to make good the deficiency some rascal credited to you? Papa, tell me, what do you think of my position, at Thilman's French establish-

ment, at fifteen dollars a week! Only think, papa, what fifteen dollars a week means! Pleasant rooms, and wine for you, and no more dunning by the butcher or the grocer."

Mr. Baldwin groaned.

"Thilman's! Cora—you a Secor Baldwin—an employee in a pattern store! a common flatterer of the very women who have scorned you since—"

Cora laughed blithely.

"What an ungrateful old fellow he is getting to be! Why, papa, I shall have a lovely time. I won't be in the store at all, mademoiselle said, but will go to the houses of the customers and let them select their patterns and fit them, and take their orders. Who knows but what some splendid young duke in disguise will see me and fall in love with me! Wouldn't it make a sensation, papa?"

She was putting on her plain little hat and veil before the small looking-glass; and then turned to him, a perfect picture, with her shiny eyes as brown as a chestnut burr, her clear, olive complexion on which delicate scarlet flushes glowed, her long, massive tresses of hair waving low on her forehead in loose, dark ripples.

"Now, be good while I'm gone. I promised M'm'selle Thilman I'd begin at once. She's very busy, and the sooner I go the sooner the salary begins. I'll be in at six, papa."

She kissed his forehead and patted his white hair with a thoughtful, motherly air that made it seem that the two had changed their relative position toward each other; and then she went out—and outside the door the smiles vanished from her face, and the glow from her eyes, for there was no need to assume the semblance of happiness and care-freeness that was so essential before her father.

Yet, despite the thoughtful shadows on her face, Cora's step was firm and decisive as she went into Broadway, and along the crowded streets to Thilman's fashionable establishment, where a line of carriages stood at the curb-stones, and stylish ladies dressed in radiant paper revolved in the plate-glass show-windows.

The forewoman gave Cora her orders at once. There were three ladies to be visited that afternoon, and measures and orders to be taken; and Cora had three addresses written, at all of which she was required to report within two hours.

The first took very little time; it being a shoddy little woman who had very recently come into a fortune most unexpectedly, and who wanted the latest and best of everything, while she was utterly incapable of consulting good taste. So Cora conscientiously advised her, took her extensive orders, and went to the second address on her card.

This time it was a self-important, imperious woman, as homely as it has ever been the lot of woman to be; who never by any possibility succeeded in looking well in her clothes—even when Worth had in the "creating" of them, and who, it seemed to Cora, laid all the blame on the innocent fashion designers. An hour of patient attention and explanation

on Cora's part, and snarling, fault-finding and extravagant decisions on the other, terminated an interview that left two red spots on Cora's cheeks, that had only faded to her usual blush-rose beauty when she ascended the steps of an imposing brown-stone mansion on Vidauer Place, and was ushered in by the pompous footman in livery, who showed her madame's boudoir, adding that the "young person was expected."

Cora went up the velvet-carpeted stairs, and through the hall where the afternoon sunshine streamed in a hundred dainty tints through a stained glass window that lighted the entire front end; and into a splendid little boudoir, whose dainty elegance of silver and blue exceeded anything she had ever even imagined before.

In the soft perfumed twilight she discerned a queenly woman sitting beside the fire, reading languidly; at a window, a gentleman looking out.

Then, the lady turned in her chair, and bestowed a glance on her that her pet white-poodle might have resented as the essence of indifference.

"The young person from Mme. Thilman's! Just ring the bell, yonder, for my maid to attend to the patterns."

Cora's heart bounded like a trip-hammer. It was Mrs. Elsington—Rich Elsington's mother!

All the exquisite color faded from her sweet face in the agitation of the moment, but her brave, proud eyes more than compensated in the fire that leaped to them. But her voice was perfectly even as she answered:

"Thank you, Mrs. Elsington. I will ring the bell."

She had thrown back her brown tissue veil; there was a feeling in her heart that she would meet her new destiny face to face, with not even a sheet of gauze between. So, she walked to the bell-rope, with her eyes glaring like lamps, her lips firmly compressed, her little bare brown hand extended toward the blue silken tassel—just as the curtains of the window stirred, and Rich Elsington stepped out, hurriedly, eagerly, with a bewilderment on his face that changed to perfect bliss as he rushed up to her.

"Cora! Cora! My own little girl, little Cora Baldwin!"

Then, when the sharp, sudden pallor of surprise, and bitter memories of his neglect of her, surged over her face as she paused just where his startling words arrested her—when he saw that, Rich suddenly remembered what his mother had said—Cora was married—Cora was nothing to him again.

Mrs. Elsington sprang from her low, luxurious chair.

"What do you mean by such wild nonsense, Rich?"

She felt the blood receding from her cheeks as Cora's clear voice answered:

"He means nothing, madam. I am awkward not to explain I am no longer a friend of Mr. Rich Elsington—simply Miss Baldwin, of Mademoiselle Thilman's French establishment."

There was a ring almost of defiance in her tones, and she turned coldly to her package of patterns.

Rich dashed them right and left, his eager, handsome face all alight.

"Don't touch the patterns, mother. Cora, I want to know what it means. Mother, you told me she was married. Cora, Cora, darling, tell me—"

Mrs. Elsington leaned her haughty head among the cushions, and smiled sarcastically. Cora drew her proud young figure up.

"If you please, Mr. Elsington—not yours. Do you suppose I would even as much acknowledge one who has acted as you have done! Did you not cease your letters as soon as—as poor papa's trouble came—the very time I needed a friend! Did I not write you five letters begging to know wherein I had offended you, and reiterating words whose memory makes my face burn! Mr. Elsington, we will drop this subject."

Rich's face was pale as death and his blue eyes had in them a stern gleam that effectually routed the idea of letting the subject drop. He stepped nearer the girl, his head bent in a peculiar earnest way he had.

"Cora, there has been a fearful mistake. For a year I wrote to you, under cover of my mother, and never heard a line from you—never knew of your family troubles until my return—a fortnight ago. Cora, in my letters I reiterated confessions of love that I am not ashamed to repeat; Cora, can it be as it was before I went away? Cora! Cora! must I lose my darling after all!"

His face was full of pleading passion, and his low, earnest voice thrilled her heart as no voice ever had done or could do. A second, then she lifted her glorious eyes.

"Rich!—it never has been any one but you—it never will be!"

Right before his mother's coolly smiling eyes Rich took the girl in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then, he turned to Mrs. Elsington, who sat like a queen, waiting for the sentence that she knew would dethrone her—smiling to the last.

"Mother—there has been a blunder somewhere. I shall never ask where; it is enough that my happiness has come to me, and none but God himself can take it from me. We can afford to forget it—can't we, my darling?"

And Cora thought they could.

There never could have been better friends than Mrs. Elsington and her daughter-in-law; because, Mrs. Elsington, Sr., confessed it all, and gave to Cora all the letters that had never gone further than the secret drawer of her escritoire; and she has come to the conclusion, that, after all, Rich's folly was the wisest sort of wisdom—hard though she tried to prevent it, for foolish reasons of her own.

## Romance on the Rail.

## Cap Lollard's Revenge.

BY GUY GLYNDON.

THERE was one episode in Cap Lollard's checkered life which he could never be brought to relate; and, with the reader's permission, we will tell it for him.

Cap had been visited with a run of "hard luck." First little Jack, Cap's especial pride, was taken down with the measles. Watching over the little sufferer, his mother took the infection. From her bed of illness Mary arose too early, to attend to her neglected household duties. A relapse was the result, and pneumonia setting in brought her near to death's door.

Cap paid nurses' and doctors' bills cheerfully enough, and was so glad to see his wife about again that he carried her in his arms to the shady seat under the beach-tree.

"Mary," he said, fondly stroking her silken

black hair, "I hain't a doggoned cent in the world, only our home an' the month's pay that's comin' to me; but I'm chipper as a titmouse with only lookin' at your purty face, my girl! You're as fresh as a daisy; an' when you git your roses back I wouldn't trade you for the finest princess of them all, blow me if I would!"

She smiled her appreciation of his tenderness, and he was happy.

But when, within a week, he got down from his engine to find his pleasant home in ashes, and his wife and little Jack indebted to the hospitality of a neighbor for shelter, he sat down with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped in his beard and a discouraged frown darkening his brow, and said it was "a doggoned shame," and "luck was dead agin' him."

Then Mary put her arms about his neck and comforted him and cheered him, like the brave little wife she was, until his courage revived. But it took all the money that was due him, and a mortgage on the property besides, to rebuild their home; and for the first time in his life Cap chafed under the yoke of the debtor.

Misfortunes never come single-handed, and now Cap's evil genius seemed determined to crowd him to the wall.

It was the busy season in the fall when grain was moving to market. The road was short of competent engineers, and Cap was run day and night, until he sat on the box scarcely able to keep awake. Whenever they came to a clear stretch of track he was sure to fall asleep, to be roused by his fireman when the way demanded his attention.

To sustain his flagging energies Cap had recourse to the too common resort—alcohol. Not that he was a tippler. Cap sometimes got a "little boozey," but he was no drunkard. However, before he was aware, he had taken too much, his relaxed system being unusually susceptible to the influence of the poison.

Then, in a moment of recklessness, he tried to "steal a station"—a process not unlike "stealing a base" in "the National game."

The result was a collision, in which several cars were wrecked, the track torn up, and the business of the crowded road delayed for several hours.

For two weeks no measures were taken in the matter "at head-quarters;" but evil tongues had been at work, making the case the worst possible for Cap, and when the stress of business was over he was ordered "in," and got his "walkin' papers."

That night he went home to his wife "with the blue devils big."

"What do you think of luck now?" said he, with a sardonic smile.

For answer she sat down on his knee, and, with her arms about his neck, said:

"It is a shame, dearie, after you've worked yourself to death for them. But you'll get work again, and, meanwhile, I'll take in plain sewing, and we'll keep along somehow."

"There's the mortgage fallin' due next month; an' the deuce knows where the money's comin' from to meet it—I don't," replied Cap, dejectedly. "We're bound to git kicked out o' house an' home before luck lets up—that's plain."

"Oh, no, Cap. Not so bad as that," said his wife, consolingly. "You can get time on the note, can't you?"

"Old Quigby's a doggoned old screw, an' he'd just like the chance to foreclose an' gobble up everything. Wal, everybody's free to kick a man when he's under. Curse the beggarly whelps! The more you do for 'em the worse they use you. But I'll be even with 'em yet, doggone their hides! They don't chuck me into the mud for nothin'!"

"Hush, Cap! don't get bitter," said Mary. "Everybody has their ups and downs. It'll be all right, by-and-by."

But matters did not improve. After the press business was correspondingly slack; and his discharge stood in his way.

"Cap," said Mary, one day, "hadn't I better go out home for a few weeks! It'll benefit both Jack and me; and we're only a tax on your here."

She was ailing again, and had been unable to take in the sewing as she had proposed.

With his forebodings hidden as best he could, Cap let her go.

"She won't have the worry of it until it's over," he said to himself, "and that'll be time enough, the Lord knows. Curse the whole lot of 'em that I should bring her to this!"

After she was gone, while he waited for the day when the mortgage should fall due, a feeling of gloomy desperation grew upon him. The day came, and with it Quigby demanding his money. Nothing short of immediate payment would satisfy him. He had become involved himself, he said, times were so hard; and he must have the money in order to save ten times as much.

But even as he spoke, his eye roved over the little homestead in avaricious speculation; and he rubbed his hands and compressed his lips as he thought that he could bid it in himself for a very slight advance on the face of the mortgage.

"You cursed old Shylock!" muttered Cap between his teeth, when his creditor departed, having expressed his regrets at the necessity of putting the case in the hands of the sheriff.

Then he sat with his head hanging on his breast, wrapt in moody thought.

In the same mood he saw his home and Mary's go under the hammer. His surplus was less than a hundred dollars; and he set his teeth hard and slouched his hat over his darkened brows, thinking that now Mary and little Jack were homeless.

What occurred during the next few hours he did not know; but at last he found himself walking rapidly along the railroad track, through a tempestuous night, with an iron wedge in his hand, himself terrified by the dark thoughts that flitted like ghouls through his mind. What his purpose was he hardly knew; and yet he seemed hurried forward by a resistless fate to put some dark project into execution before his courage failed.

Faster and faster he strode until he was almost at a run. The wind buffeted him, moaning dismally through the trees as he passed. The shadows of the clouds seemed a horde of ghouls keeping pace with him, just far enough in advance to peer into his face; and he felt their chill breath in the mists that brushed his cheek.

On, on, until the broken surface of the ground was in keeping with the storm and his perturbed soul. Then he stopped and listened.

The chill November wind made him shiver, and he drew his coat closer over his breast. It bore to his ear a deep, rumbling sound, and, presently, the short, sharp intonation of a locomotive whistle.

He knew that a train was approaching, and that the signal he heard was the warning given on nearing a country road.

He was standing on a curve. On the inside was the bald, rocky face of a cliff; on the outside were jagged spurs of rock, with interstices

here and there, and beyond a declivity to the darkly-rolling river.

A gleam of lightning showed his face ghastly white, his lips quivering, his teeth chattering, his knees trembling. Holding the iron wedge in his hand, he half-stooped as if to lay it on the track, and thus waited, looking in the direction of the approaching train.

The rumbling sound grew louder.

Again he heard the whistle.

The surface of a wave reflected a flash from the headlight.

With terror-protruded eyes he stooped and laid the wedge on the outside rail of the curve, its point toward the approaching train. Then, pursued by the wind-fends that screamed through the tree-tops, he ran at the top of his speed, and hid himself among the rocks.

Cowering there, with his face to the ground and his hands clutching the jagged rocks, his craven soul waited for the ruin his guilty hands had prepared.

On came the train, rushing headlong to destruction and death. Its sinuous length swept round the curve, pulsing with life and happiness. The head-light cast its beams along the track, but no eye could distinguish the wedge from the rail on which it lay.

The first warning was a wild shriek of the whistle as the engineer felt the locomotive leave the rail. Then, before the brakemen could leap to their feet, there was a terrific crash, followed by the splintering of timber, the hiss and roar of escaping steam, then groans and shrieks of anguish, and, after an interval, cries of horror and shouted commands and appeals from the lips of excited men.

Covering amid the rocks, Cap Lollard heard all this; and then through the shadows of the night gleamed the lurid light of a conflagration. The wrecked train was in flames!

An irresistible fascination drew him from his hiding-place, and with knees smiting together he approached the ruin his own hand had wrought. His roving eye took in every horrible detail of that awful holocaust, and scared it into his shrinking soul.

Suddenly he uttered a cry, so fierce, so agonized, it was like the snarl of a wounded animal, and leaped to a portion of the wreck where an arm protruded from the debris. It was a woman's arm, and on the third finger of the hand gleamed a wedding-ring. How often he had kissed it since he placed it there five years ago! And now—Great God!

"Cap! Cap! Cap!"

Her voice had caught his ear, and with a sensation as if his brain were afire, he realized that she had returned homeward unexpectedly, just in time for him to be her murderer, perhaps. And little Jack! What of him? Was he, too, in that wreck?

The fierce anguish of the stricken man constrained others to his assistance, as strong natures always attract followers in moments of great excitement. Somehow he found an ax in his hand; and then began the battle with the fire-brand. His ax fell fast and fierce; but the cruel tongues of flame lapped at the dry wood-work, running along the painted surface. The wind shifted hither and thither, spreading the fire in every direction, and almost smothering the workers with dense smoke.

Like a demon Cap Lollard hacked his way to his imprisoned wife. He could see her. One arm she extended to him while the other hugged her dead child—his little Jack, that he was so proud of—to her breast.

"Save us, Cap!—save us!" she cried, struggling to free herself.

But the cruel timber pinned her down. Then the flames that had crept upon her stealthily beneath the debris lapped her garments and thrust their cruel barbs into her tender flesh.

"Cap!—oh, Cap!" she cried, with a gasp, and fainted.

A puff of wind spread the flames over all, and blinded and fainting with the smoke and heat, the wretched man cast himself upon the pyre his own hand had ignited.

"Mary!—my murdered wife!—we die together!" he cried, and—

"Cap! Cap! What's the matter! Wake up!"

"Eh, Mary! Great God! Are you safe! And little Jack—did it git him out, too?"

"Out! Out of what?"

"Hyer I